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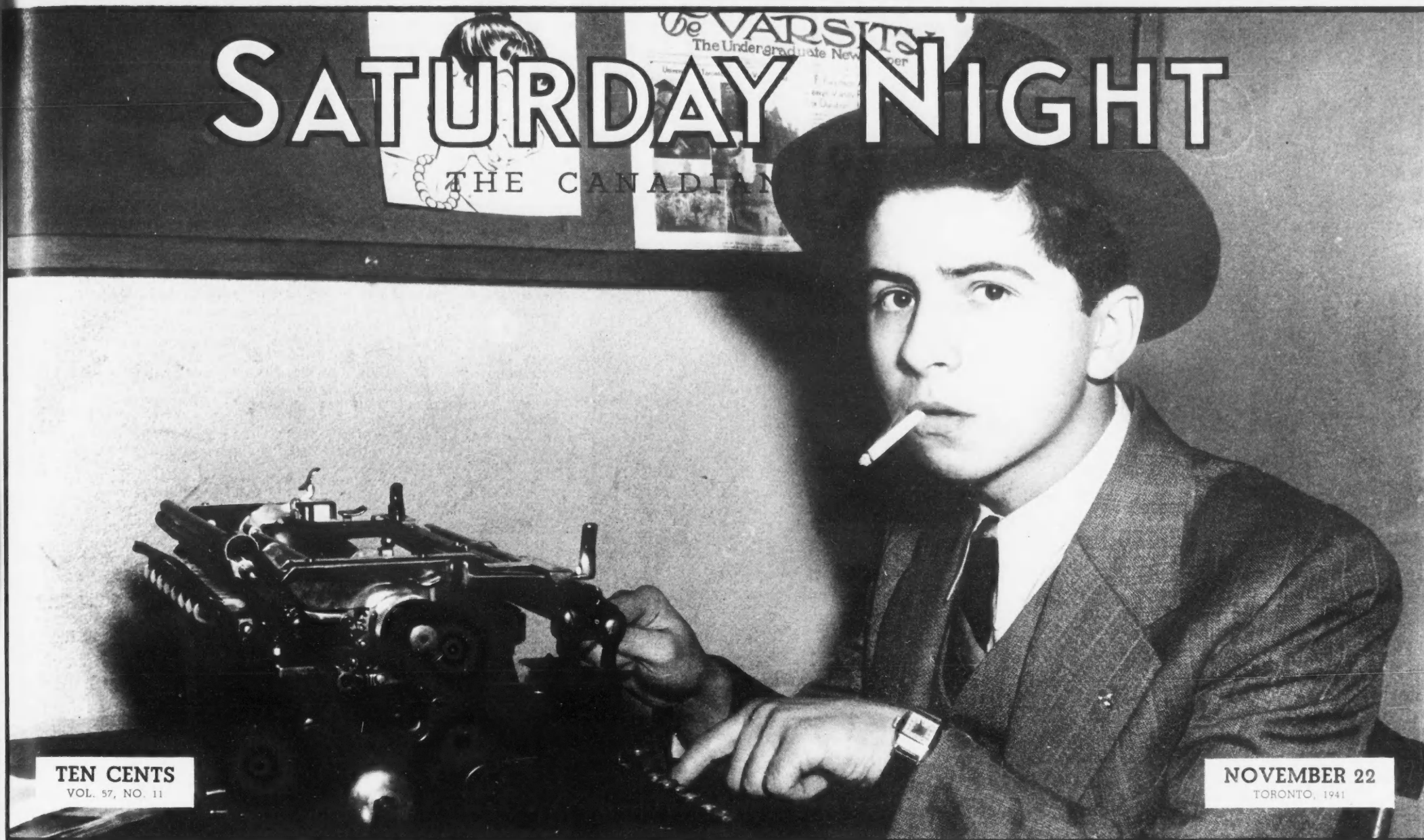
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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN



TEN CENTS
VOL. 57, NO. 11

NOVEMBER 22
TORONTO, 1941

CARL HERMAN, CUB REPORTER ON THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S DAILY "THE VARSITY", PECKS OUT HIS COPY. FOR THE STORY, SEE PAGE 4

THE FRONT PAGE

WE HAVE never had any high opinion of the referendum as a method of democratic government. The process of governing a nation does not consist of a series of isolated decisions upon questions which have no relation one with another. The question of selective compulsory service, for example, cannot really be separated from all the other questions relating to Canada's policy in the war. The ruling body which makes the decisions in regard to all the other related questions should not recoil from making the decision on one particular question, merely because that decision would involve greater political responsibilities.

If there is any truth in the rumor that the Government is thinking of consulting the people of Canada by referendum on the subject of selective compulsory service, we trust the idea will be abandoned. It is true that Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1917 demanded a referendum before the adoption of the conscription measure of that year; but his main object in doing so was to make his own course easier as an opponent of conscription, and his proposal, while doubtless good politics, fell considerably short of being good government.

It is the particular weakness of the referendum, that the Government in power must necessarily adopt an attitude of having no great interest in the question one way or the other. In the words of the Montreal Star's Ottawa correspondent, it cannot afford even to give leadership on the question, because the rejection of such leadership by the electors would put it in a position of the gravest embarrassment. A disinterested attitude by the Government is possible in regard to a question which is really more or less isolated from general policy, such as the question of prohibition. It should not be possible in regard to compulsory service, because that question is closely bound in with a dozen other vital elements in the nation's war policy.

The real question about compulsory service is whether it is necessary in order to secure beyond all peradventure the continued freedom of Canada. A Government which has no views on that question is not fit to rule Canada; and a Government which has views on

that question but refuses to communicate them to the people because it is afraid the people might not like them is still less fit to rule Canada.

Ceilings Are Plaster

THERE can be no doubt that the acceptance by Mr. Meighen of the Conservative leadership, and the consequent irrevocable commitment of that party to the policy of selective compulsory service, make it immensely easier for the Government to take a number of important steps in the process of regimenting our wartime economy, which would be difficult and risky if the Opposition were free to attack them one by one from the old-fashioned

economic standpoint. A party which is committed to compulsory military service will have to tolerate a good deal of compulsion in the economic sphere.

This new situation gives us some hope that the Government will now feel able to embark promptly on a number of undertakings, without which we apprehend that its price and wage ceiling policy will lead to disaster.

We have not the slightest doubt that the enforcement of the ceiling policy will be followed, at a distance of not more than a few months, by a very pronounced recession in the activity of general civilian business. The reason for this is simple; it is that with everybody's costs and selling prices both fixed, only those goods will be produced whose costs and selling prices differ by a sufficient margin to

give a strong assurance that the production of them will not end in a loss. But, it will be said, both the costs and the selling prices are fixed as of the period September 15-October 11, and everybody was making a profit then, so why worry? But was everybody making a profit? The period was one of generally rising prices. Some people respond to such a period early, some slowly. Some people would have put up their selling price before September 15; some might have been slow about it and postponed putting it up until after October 11. The people in the first class can still charge what they were charging in the base period, that is to say the upward-adjusted price; the people in the second class must still charge what they were charging, namely the unadjusted price. That price may have meant a loss; they can stand the loss for a month, but they won't go on standing it for the duration of the war. Profit moreover is to a great extent influenced by volume of turnover.

Defenders of the government policy reply that maladjustments will be remedied when they are shown to have occurred, by special authorization. But government departments are ticklish things, and nobody ever knows whether he is going to get a special authorization until he has got it; and business men are singularly unwilling to enter into a transaction which on the surface of it is certain to result in a loss unless some government official can be persuaded that a special authorization is called for. It is our confident expectation that a good many business men will refrain from entering into a good many commitments because of the ceilings, that they would enter into if there were none.

And that being our expectation, we should feel much more confident about the prospects for 1942, if we knew that the government was ready with a large-scale scheme for taking on its own payrolls, in some form or other, or on the payrolls of war industry, the possibly immense number of working Canadians who will be laid off as a result of the ceiling system. It may be desirable that these working Canadians should be laid off; it may be desirable that business men should refrain from a good many commitments that they would otherwise

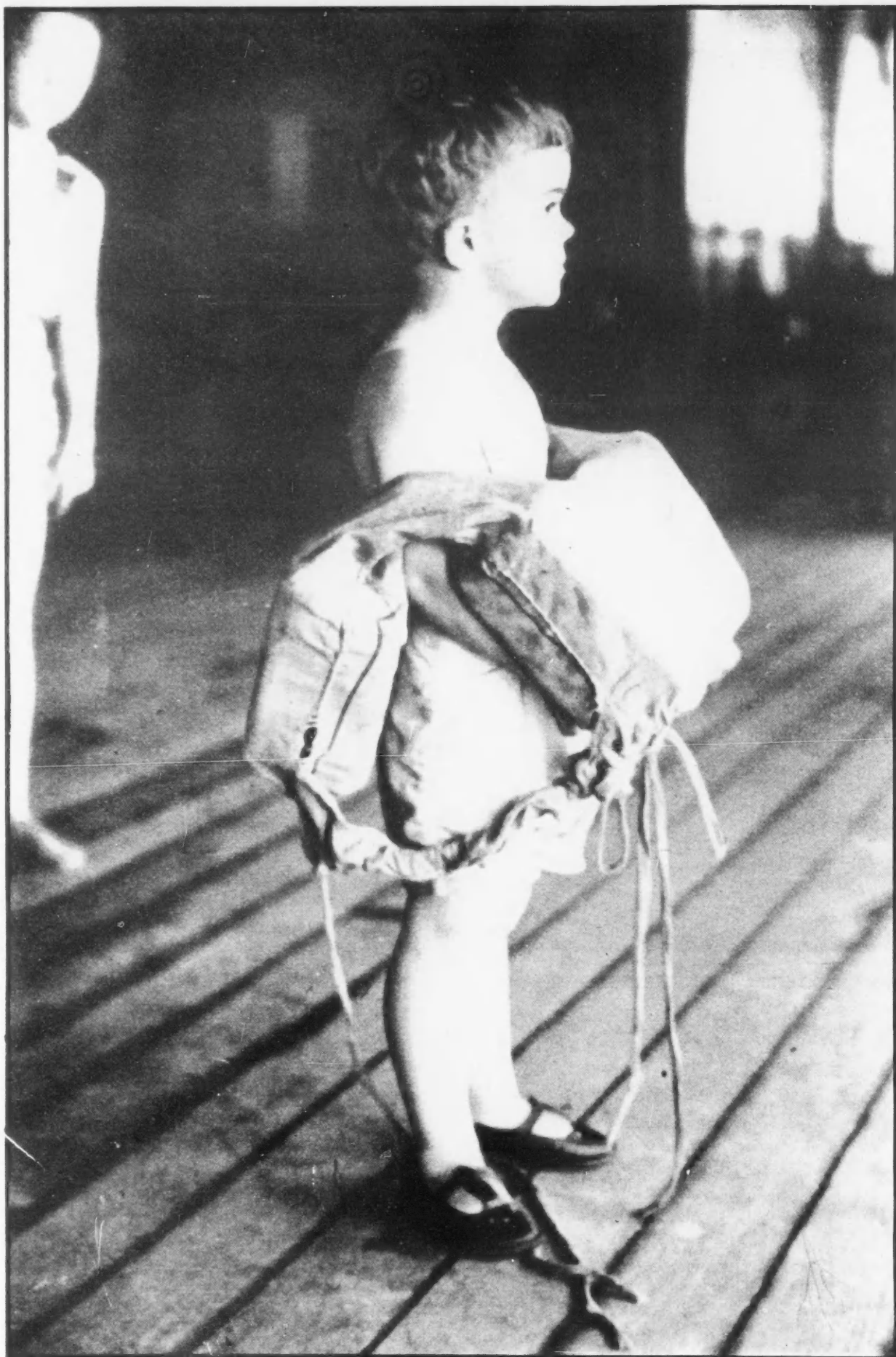
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A Young Briton Travels Sea Lanes Which Are Becoming Democracies' Own

THIS imperturbable, pugnacious-jawed youngster in the oversized, unfastened life belt is a British citizen. The picture was taken during boat drill on a liner bound for America.

When the picture was taken, the ship was crossing over the No Man's Land of one of the greatest naval battles in history: the Battle of the Atlantic. Not so long ago, President Roosevelt, speaking with the full knowledge and consent of the British government, declared that Britain was losing that battle; that Nazi U-boats were sinking British ships faster than the combined shipyards of Britain and the United States could build them.

Last week, speaking before the House of Commons at the opening of the seventh session of the present Parliament, Prime Minister Winston Churchill announced that British ship losses in the four months ended in October had been only one-fifth the total for the previous four months.

Said he: "In the four months ending with June we lost over 2,000,000 tons, or an average of 500,000 tons per month. In the last four months ending with October we lost less than three-quarters of a million tons, or an average of 180,000 tons per month."

"A hundred and eighty thousand tons contrasts very favorably with 500,000 tons."

"But the facts are more favorable than represented in the decline in the four monthly period of from 500,000 to 180,000, because from the point of view of keeping alive your lines of communication and waging war you have to take in account not only what is lost, but of new building."

"I do not intend to give exact figures about new building, but making allowances for the new building, net loss to our mercantile marine, apart from captures from the enemy or United States assistance, the net loss has been reduced in the last four months to a good deal less than one-fifth of what it was in the previous four months. This has been done in spite of the fact that there never have been more U-boats or long-range aircraft than are working now."

None knew better than Britain's sea-going Prime Minister the importance of the figures which he had recited, or what they had spelled in terms of British resistance and morale.

And none knew better than he that it would be a long time before young Britishers like this would be able to travel the oceans in safety; that many a British tar would be lost before Britain's Atlantic approaches would be her own.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Victory Depends on Us

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MAY I use the columns of your valuable journal to voice a criticism and express an opinion, both of which I have for some time been tempted to do.

The criticism is of a phrase which comes into speeches almost every day somewhere throughout Canada, and usually takes form in something such as "No matter how hard the going, we are assured of ultimate victory." I criticize it because I do not believe it has any foundation in fact, for my opinion is that unless every man and woman in this country takes some active part in the war effort, whether in the armed forces, production of munitions or volunteer work in any nature, and does so now, Canada has never had less right to hope for ultimate victory than at this moment.

How can people be stimulated into service of their country if they are continually being reminded that, "in spite of hardship and sacrifice, we can be certain of the ultimate victorious outcome?"

May I repeat that there is only one way in which this can be done, and it is every individual person's own responsibility, in this which we call a free country, to satisfy himself or herself that everything which he or she is capable of doing to help win this war is being done.

Let none of us forget our freedom was bought for us at great price. It can remain ours, only if we are willing, we, not somebody else, to sweat and bleed, that it shall be maintained.

(SIR) ELLSWORTH FLAVELLE,
Toronto, Ont.

Those Riding Pictures

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM glad to see that one Canadian magazine has published an article on riding. I know how difficult it is to get perfect photos even with a well schooled horse and an expert photographer, so I can congratulate Mr. Mathews on his handiwork.

From a horseman's point of view some of the photos are unfortunately open to criticism. The method of girthing a horse does not appeal to me. If I tried it on my horse I should get it fore and aft i.e. cow kicked behind and nipped in front.

The neck strap of the martingale is resting just behind the horse's ears instead of being properly adjusted before starting to girth.

The horse is being saddled in the open and the reins are loose on its neck. An excellent rule is never let go of your reins.

The other day a girl came to try her horse over my jumps and when she got off to adjust one of them she left her horse with the reins on its neck—of course it moved off and she had a long chase after it and when she caught it found that a rein had been broken by the horse stepping on it.

One of the first things a horseman should do is to see that the bridle, etc. is properly adjusted. In two of the photos of the white horse the nose band is very crooked.

"Heels down, side of foot out, etc." shows a very useful trick tho' few riders seem to know or practice it.

In that photo the stirrup has not been turned consequently the edge instead of the flat of the leather is pressing against the rider's leg.

Three of the photos show the rider's hands. Even tho' she is a beginner her hands in one of them could have been put in the proper position which might have helped other beginners who read the article.

W. BARCLAY HUNTON,
Cobble Hill, B.C.

Richard Mathews says he is a photographer, not a horseman; that he knows only what he sees through the eye of his camera when he is out on an assignment. Sometimes, he says, his camera cuts didos and deceives

him; perhaps it did in this instance. At any rate, the illustrations were what he saw at a well-known Toronto riding academy which is operated by what he believes to be competent riding instructors.—Ed.

Religion in School

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE General Regulations of the Ontario Department of Education now provide for religious exercises in the public schools of the province during school hours. These consist of Scripture readings, the Lord's Prayer, and memorization of passages from the Bible. These are conducted by the teacher in the classroom each morning.

The Regulations also provide that religious instruction may be given in the school after school hours by a clergyman to the members and adherents of his own denomination at least once a week. Attendance by the children is optional.

It is now proposed that religious instruction be given during school hours. So enthusiastically is this advocated by Mr. F. D. L. Smith in your columns that he says he has tried to persuade the Protestant churches to emulate the Roman Catholic Church by giving religious instruction first place in the school.

Mr. Smith is entitled to his opinion, but would the majority of public school ratepayers agree with him?

Mr. Smith argues that (1) the family has broken down in the sphere of religious instruction, and (2) the religious instruction imparted by the church to a limited number for an hour or two a week is insufficient.

These are no doubt excellent reasons for the giving of more religious instruction to the children. They are not necessarily good reasons for giving it at the expense of their secular education. Surely there is time enough available after school hours on Saturday and Sunday, and during the Christmas, Easter and summer holidays.

It will be soon enough to consider the advisability of encroaching on the time now set aside for secular education, when full advantage has been taken of the present Regulations and they have been proved inadequate.

Ottawa, Ont. H. F. HOWARD

The school, with no more of the children's time than it had fifty years ago, is being asked to do for them not only what it used to do then but more of what their parents used to do in their home hours.—Ed.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor

P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant Editor

WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor

N. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland \$3.00 per year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, \$3.00 per year, all other countries, \$4.00 per year. Single copies 10c.

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. SATURDAY NIGHT does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL: New Birk's Bldg.
NEW YORK: Room 512, 101 Park Ave.
E. R. MILLING, Business Manager
C. T. CROUCHER, Assistant Business Manager
J. F. FOY, Circulation Manager

Vol. 57, No. 11 Whole No. 2541

THE PASSING SHOW

St. Catherine's Day, November 25. From the original French of Camille DuZar.

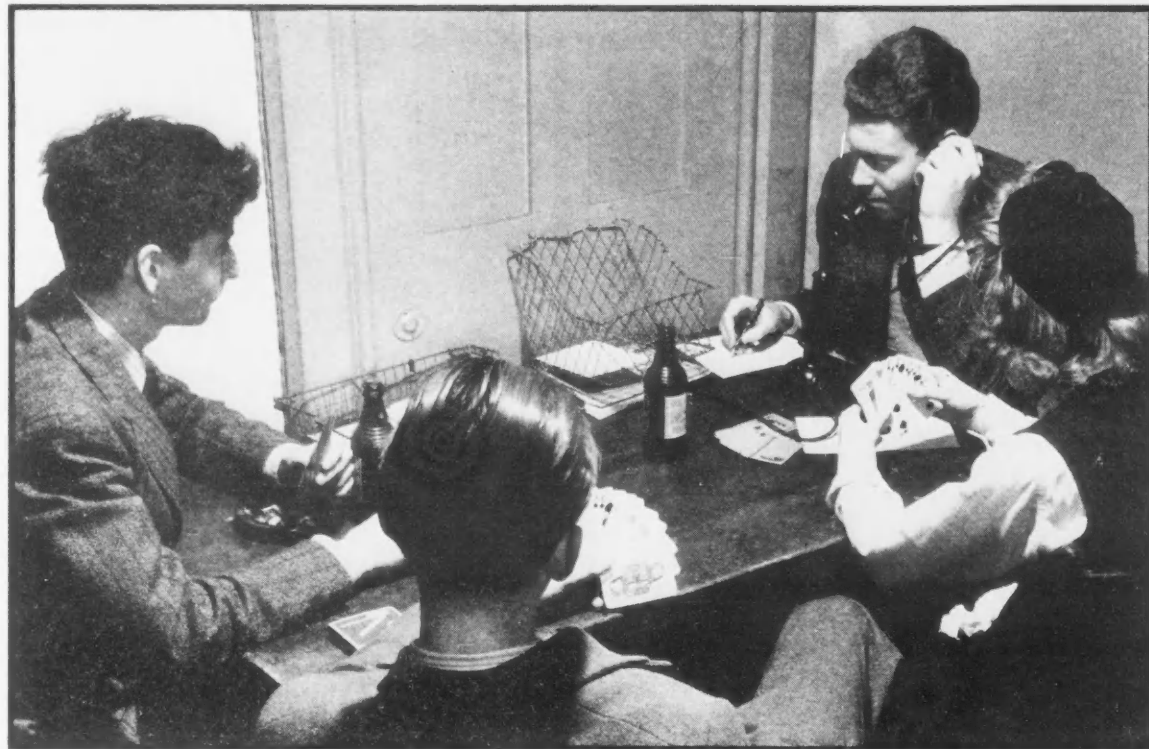
Range. Under a considerable amount of com-
pulsory direction, of the unwanted labor into
war zones.

The resolution read to Parliament on Monday by Mr. A. W. Neill of Vancouver Island was an excellent example of the kind of thing that is put down on paper by people who have not considered the meaning of the phrases.



SO YOU WON'T BE PROTECTED FROM

"The Varsity", U of T's "Other Faculty" . . .



"The Varsity" Masthead Members gather in the women's news office in University College to check on their fem'ine news gatherers and to kill time between issues by playing Bridge



"The Varsity" night office where some of the staff may be found anytime between 9 and 3 p.m.



News Editor Michael O'Mara, left, and the staff photographer, Keith Jackson

ONE of the more subtle ways by which Freshmen are initiated into the mysteries of undergraduate life at the University of Toronto, is by selling them a two dollar subscription to *The Varsity*, which they find out later is distributed without charge to all students.

For although the Freshman may be surprised to find that the more boisterous forms of initiation have mostly disappeared, he will soon learn that the Sophomores find the subscription-selling system quite as effective, and certainly more lucrative. Not that selling subscriptions to *The Varsity* is a new idea, for it has been carried on by enterprising Sophomores for decades. But it seems that it is now considered even more impressive than it once was.

A Freshman, you see, will look back with fond memories upon such incidents as a bed race down St. George Street, or a tomato fight at the cost of a new suit on the back campus. He will tuck away his badly clipped yellow, green or red tie among his souvenirs. And he will even boast about being marooned in a city suburb in his pyjamas at two a.m. But a Freshman won't even tell his best friend that he was simple enough to buy a subscription for a paper already his. When the friendly Sophomore hits his pocket below the belt, and gives him nothing for something, the naive Freshman is properly humbled, and in an abject state sits down to plot revenge on a future generation of Frosh.

WHEN he receives his first issue, he will soon discover a way to get value for his money, for a front page box will give an invitation for all with a journalistic yen to join the staff of the Undergraduate Daily. And there he will learn that there are just two classes of students, those who are on the staff of the paper and those who are not.

The office of *The Varsity* is to be found in Hart House, and to the average staff man it is the place Hart House is built around. But the cub reporter will wonder why they didn't build a chimney above the little room. Co-eds are supposed to have the same status as the men, and they have an office in University College, where sixty to seventy girls annually sign up to become reporters, prom-

ising to take two assignments a week for the daily paper.

The students do all the work of preparing and publishing with the help of a linotype operator, compositor and the University presses. This necessitates using many inexperienced workers, and the *Varsity* baiters take time out to laugh at some amateurish mistakes sometimes made. Reginald Stewart was made a Sir; Rev. J. D. Parks was made a Doctor of Divinity and several professors had their names changed during one week once. But generally speaking the standard of editing is fairly high, and the front page make-up is usually excellent.

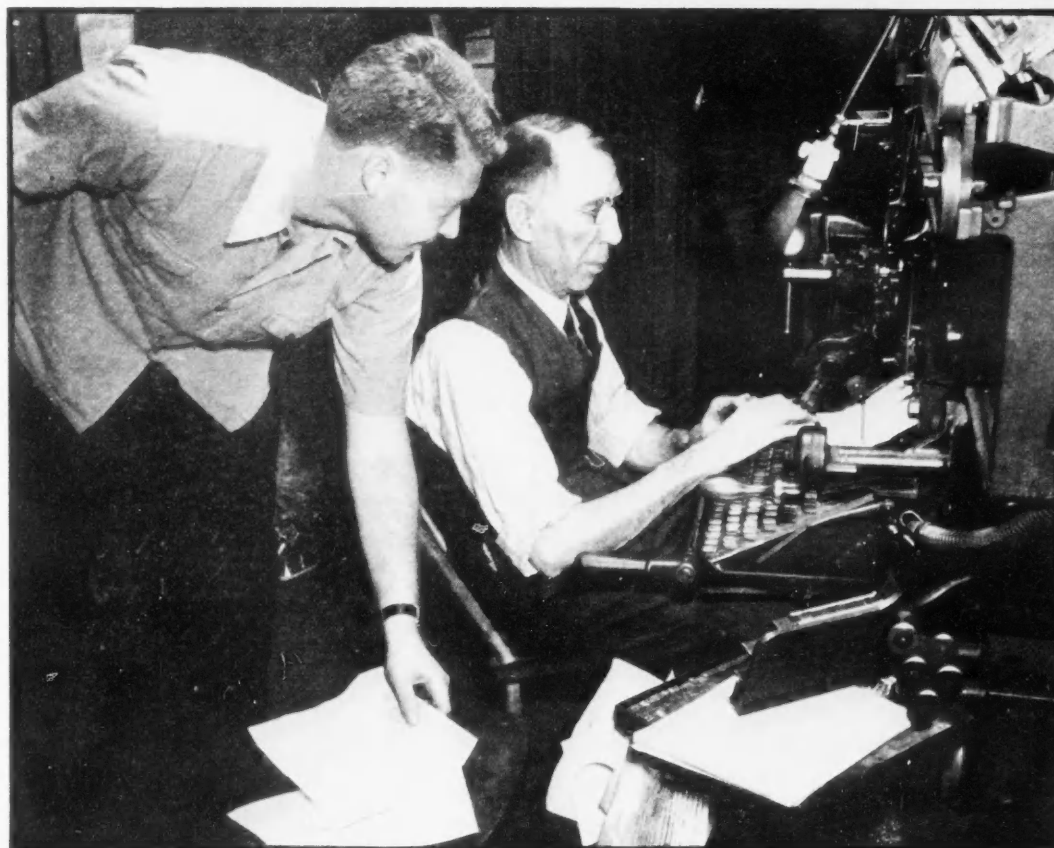
If the freshman survives the cross examination and finds his name on the assignment book twice a week he soon learns to be a college journalist. He practises letting a cigarette droop listlessly from his lips, his clothes look as though he had slept in them, and his two finger typing is immensely improved by wearing his hat on the back of his head.

HE SPEAKS sneeringly of Toronto's 'other morning paper,' and authoritatively criticizes the evening papers. He looks down his nose at all newspapers, but he speaks with awe of all newspapermen. And he reverently sits back and quietly worships whenever a member of the downtown press appears to cover a campus event.

After writing little masterpieces for several weeks, the cub reporter will be thrilled some morning to find a series of quotations of a speaker at the Classic club reported in his own glowing style. He will read the same article over and over, being slightly annoyed because the article was cut in two, and the speaker's name misspelled, and not knowing that the night editor was short of copy the previous night, and stuck the story in as filler. That night he will show it to his young brother at home, who still thinks that to be a Freshman at University is something.

During the first month on the staff, the initiate will be told that the Art, Music and Drama column is one of the best columns of criticism in the city. If he has been reading the correspondence of the music editor in reply to a panning of a Victoria College Music club production, he will

Story by A. C. Forrest



Managing Editor Sam Kellner with "Fred", the linotype operator, setting copy on the second floor of the University Press building. "The students do all the work . . ."



News Editor O'Mara, left, and Editor Hodgson make up an issue. Proofs of headings are pasted on the board before them. " . . . front page make-up is usually excellent"

... Amuses, Informs and Trains the Undergrad

... another idea. He will be quite impressed however with the highly technical criticism of the arts, until he finds that a slangy denunciation draws the most applause. Even Dr. Cody has been heard to chuckle publicly over a remark appearing: "The orchestra played Beethoven last night. Beethoven lost," or "The acting was indifferent, but the lines by Mr. Shakespeare were good."

Now a Varsity staff man is rather sceptical about the ideas of a college President. And when President Cody says anything about the British Empire, or the institutions of higher learning, he just quietly smiles. But when Dr. Cody quotes *The Varsity* or approves of a criticism of the Drama Festival, then his words are gospel.

Occasionally a student if asked that course he is taking, will reply that he is on the *Varsity* staff. There is no course in Journalism at the University of Toronto, and so many undergraduates, ambitious to be journalists, spend all their leisure time working on the paper or lounging in the office. It is a legend around the University that the paper is responsible for many skipped lectures, late essays and failed examinations. And there is no doubt about the lecture-skipping and the essay-hurdling. Often a news editor has prided himself on not attending a lecture all week. If a lecture isn't interesting, it isn't worth attending, is the attitude.

BUT the *Varsity* is ashamed if anyone fails his examinations. Every year the editor-in-chief takes trouble to explain to his staff that the unwritten rule is no promotions for those who fail, no matter how brilliant their journalistic record is. And to the undergraduate body at large he tells about the year 1937 when out of a staff of eighty there was but one failure, while nineteen scholarships were won. Partly because there are small stipends attached to a number of the editorial positions, there is always keen competition for promotion. And the *Varsity* is a means to helping many students every year finance their courses.

The Editor-in-Chief is chosen by the Students' Administrative Council, usually on recommendation of

a staff vote. He is responsible only to the undergraduate body, and although times past have seen many fights with Professors, the Board of Governors, and the S.A.C., things have been relatively quiet for some years, and no editor has been fired since 1935. The popularity of the paper may be judged by the quality of its advertising, which is looked after entirely by the permanent secretary of the Student Council. Actually the advertising almost pays for the paper which is distributed free to all undergraduates, to the number of over five thousand copies per day.

LAST year the *Varsity* celebrated its sixtieth anniversary in a forty-eight page issue. In it, the editor told of the growth of the paper along with the development of the University from the time the Professors used to pasture their cows in Queen's Park. And in its anniversary issue of 1931, we find the written and wired congratulations of former greats on the paper of the early days, such as Stephen Leacock, Arthur Stringer, George Sandfield Macdonald (who claimed to be still tired from getting out the first issue back in 1881), and Wm. L. Mackenzie King who was on the staff of '95. G. Howard Ferguson served his apprenticeship as business manager in '96. Principal Wallace ran for editor the same year; and cub reporters still read SATURDAY NIGHT chiefly because B. K. Sandwell used to write for the *Varsity*.

From humble beginnings as a weekly journal, the *Varsity* has grown to be the outstanding student publication in Canada; while the *McGill Daily* is the only other student daily. It transcends all college loyalties and faculty spirit. It is the chief integrating factor in the University of Toronto, and the best stimulus to an interesting undergraduate life.

And although Professors and students find in it an endless source of amusement, and those who do not get their names in its pages sometimes scoff, it continues to be read, the advertising doesn't fall off, and year by year it graduates, if not perfectly trained, at least keenly interested amateur journalists into the offices of the metropolitan dailies, Canadian press, trade journals and advertising agencies across Canada.



No campus sophisticate would go to Hart House Library for a nap without first providing himself with the latest issue of "The Varsity" to shield his eyes from the glare of lights



Editor H. Dent Hodgson studies an issue of "The Varsity" when it was a weekly



More than one issue of the paper has been smuggled into lectures to be read on the sly

Pictures and Cover by Richard Matheus



A group of co-ed reporters combine their talents on a story. Since there are only 4 typewriters, much of the copy is written. Facing the camera is Marion Salter . . .



... who finally located her story on page four of the following issue. "... 'The Varsity' . . . graduates, if not perfectly trained, at least keenly interested journalists"

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Our Fire Systems Out of Date

BY RUTH JOLLIFFE

QUOTING the Toronto press of November 6: "The inability of adapting the camp's fire equipment to operate with that of the Town of Barrie is no fault of the staff of Camp Borden, Brigadier-General G. E. McCuaig, camp commandant told *The Telegram* to-day. Following the disastrous fire which destroyed one block of four buildings of eight wards in the hospital area, firemen from Barrie said that their couplings could not be adapted to the hydrants because of the different size... Brigadier-General McCuaig stated that... some weeks ago a letter had been sent from the camp to the Barrie town council admitting the shortage of equipment and asking that the town fire department be called upon if the necessity arose."

"The request was turned down by the council, therefore there was no point in adapting our equipment to operate with that of Barrie when

Canada's fire-fighting "system" is composed of a vast number of unco-ordinated units which, because of disparity of equipment, could not act together in a time of dire emergency.

Britain's, too, was in the same situation until the Blitz forced a complete reorganization of her fire-fighting system.

Currently Canadian Civilian Defence authorities are attempting to bring order out of the heterogeneous municipal fire-fighting organizations; but their work is handicapped by the refusal of either Provincial or Federal authorities to allocate definite responsibilities.

they were not going to send equipment anyhow."

The result was the \$75,000 fire which could have been a four-block loss had not tanks been available to smash down buildings in the path of the flames. The disaster might have been minimized had the Ontario Government reorganized fire-fighting services on a regional, not municipal, basis as Great Britain has been forced recently to do by the experience of her critical blitz period.

It really is astounding what, in the name of democracy, we Canadians permit—low levels of efficiency, lack of co-ordinated effort, un-neighborliness, dog-in-the-manger stuff, the right of each municipality to decide on the basis of what it wants to pay, its standard of social, medical, educational, police and fire services.

Each municipality lives unto itself in these matters of vital importance to the welfare of Canadians and the level which Canada as a presumably enlightened country attains in civilized living. As an example of the Canadian municipality's proud right to pay directly for its own services, 89 per cent of educational costs are borne by the municipal unit of government. Can we rejoice that we are the only part of the Empire whose educational standards depend on the ability of the local group to pay?

Proportional Protection

An apt example of the way in which we allow local jurisdiction to decide community benefits is the manner in which we permit Canada's fire services to operate municipally. The principle, of course, is that protection will be directly supplied in proportion to the value of property.

If the value of property in a community reaches a certain level, effective fire services can be financed. A town with industries able to pay substantial taxes and a good sprinkling of well-to-do residents, can maintain an efficient fire brigade with proper equipment and water supply.

But the principle by which we operate our fire services breaks down in at least three main respects. There are the poor municipalities of twenty-thousand, for instance, whose tax rates are high, who have only a few industries per population to reduce the burden of the householder, whose fire services are voluntary and badly under-equipped; there are the small communities so straitened financially that they can't possibly pay for upkeep of an efficient fire service.

Secondly, because each council decides what equipment it wants, resulting in lack of standardization of apparatus and training of men, the outcome is what happened at Camp Borden. However the blame is apportioned, the fact remains that each municipality decides these things for itself on the basis that it directly foots the bill.

And thirdly, a local council can refuse to co-operate with a less fortunately situated neighbor. Examples of disastrous fires consequent on such refusal of co-operation have marred municipal history. Camp Borden just happens to be the most recent instance, and here, of course, special factors are involved since it is under military jurisdiction. In reality, it is a case-in-point for what happens continually in every province as a result of unco-ordinated fire services. Winnipeg in its squabble with adjacent municipalities two years ago, provided an example of

disastrous failure to co-operate.

Although Civilian Defence authorities beg the issue of a provincially supported and operated fire service, their attempt at province-wide organization is an affirmation of the need to set up an integrated service. The duties of Civilian Defence Fire Services are restricted, of course, to periods of threatened aerial attacks or emergencies due to war.

A Paying Proposition

It is interesting to note the significance of what they are attempting to do. They are developing a structure to bear the load of greatly increased activity in a crisis. They are organizing to conduct a plan for war that is not intended to operate under normal conditions, based as it is on voluntary co-operation under the stress of extraordinary conditions. Yet in normal times Canada's fire loss reaches \$25 million annually. Surely it would pay the provincial tax payers to have their fire services completely reorganized.

Great Britain has done it. (Canada's per capita fire loss is twice that of Great Britain's.)

The incompetency of local fire services in handling serious situations in Britain, the tragedy of their attempts to overcome, under duress of bombing, their lack of uniformity in equipment and training and custom, striving to co-ordinate their activities when they had never co-operated with each other before, have led to the complete reorganization of Britain's fire-fighting services on a national basis.

The new Fire Services (Emergency Provisions) Act of May, 1941, is no reflection on the heroism and the



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willingness to face extreme danger on the part of the regular and voluntary fire-fighters. It was the system that broke down, a system built on 1400 autonomous local fire service units, each with its own type of apparatus or lack of it, with numerous kinds of hydrants, insufficient water supply, each brigade with different sets of rankings, uniforms, customs and standards of efficiency. There was mutual aid but not co-ordinated effort.

The new Act makes fire-fighting a national service under the Home Secretary. In 1938 the first act dealing with fire service that had been brought in in forty years, was passed. Sponsored by the complacent Chamberlain Government, it reaffirmed the local structure, throwing responsibility back on the community and ignoring the report of the Riverdale Committee which advised financial aid, at least, to local authorities.

It took nine months of bombing to bring the Government to the point of placing fire-fighting in the category of a Cabinet responsibility. Now Britain has a Fire Service Council that includes a Chief of Fire Staff, Inspector-in-Chief of Fire Services, Water Engineer and Technical Adviser and Finance Officer, among other personnel. A staff college for officers of the service has been established and a school for training instructors is now set up.

Instead of 1400 local fire brigades there are now 32 fire forces in England and Wales plus others in the London Region, with 32 areas "selected for operational efficiency." (London Times, June 10, 1941).

Under the Regional Commissioner in each Civil Defence Region, there is a Fire Force Commander in full administrative, executive and operational control, with a staff of technical officers in charge of such matters as water supply, communications and other pertinent problems. These men are appointees of the Home Secretary, and under them the forces are organized into divisions, companies and sections.

Britain's Plan

"Greatly improved operational efficiency, it is stated, will automatically result from the fact that it will be possible for the new fire forces to be grouped on the basis of strategic and tactical requirements instead of local authorities' boundaries." (London Times, June 10, 1941).

The plan calls for equipment to be brought up to specified standards, and made uniform. Mobile divisions, self-contained, appear as a regular part of the national service. Auxiliary services are now merged with the regulars.

The cost of the new fire-fighting service is shared between Government and municipalities, the latter being taxed to 75 per cent of service costs in a normal year. Improved water supply systems are part of the new scheme of costs.

It took battling with the flames of blitzes to do this for Britain. Do we in Canada have to go through fire to learn the lesson of efficiency?

If the Luftwaffe put into service during the next year a long range bomber capable of visiting the industrial areas of Ontario and Quebec, which is by no means impossible, the result would be disastrous for us under the present set-up. It is common knowledge that many vital war industries are located in impoverished municipalities some distance from large cities. But only a beginning has been made at the co-ordination of fire-fighting services in these vulnerable areas.

The Civilian Defence Service plan being organized in the various provinces is programming in the right direction. (But it is professedly only designed for war emergencies.) The basis of the plan is the local unit which is urged to co-operate under the provincial Director of Fire services. If more than one community is designated in a single Civilian Defence area, a local chief among the units is chosen head. The idea is that local chiefs will meet to plan action and receive instruction on emergency fire-fighting. They are asked to train auxiliary firemen and to improve standards of regulars.

But here is the catch: "The Controller for Fire Services should urge upon the local municipality and industrial concerns the immediate acquisition of such further equipment, apparatus and fire protection facilities as may be required." (Province of Ontario Civilian Defence Committee, Organization and Instruction Manual.)

There is no compulsion. Suppose the parties urged to spend money don't set aside the necessary appropriations? Will the Provincial Government or the Federal Government hand it out to them? If it is "found"

for one municipality and not for others, isn't that unfair to some who dig into their pockets directly?

Already Attorney-General Conant is playing what looks like "politics" in declaiming against the Federal Government for not supplying certain "equipment absolutely essential, not only for training workers but to deal with emergency attacks. The failure of the Dominion Government to supply this equipment has made thorough training impossible, has discouraged the volunteer workers." (Toronto Globe & Mail, October 14, 1941). Conant takes the stand that

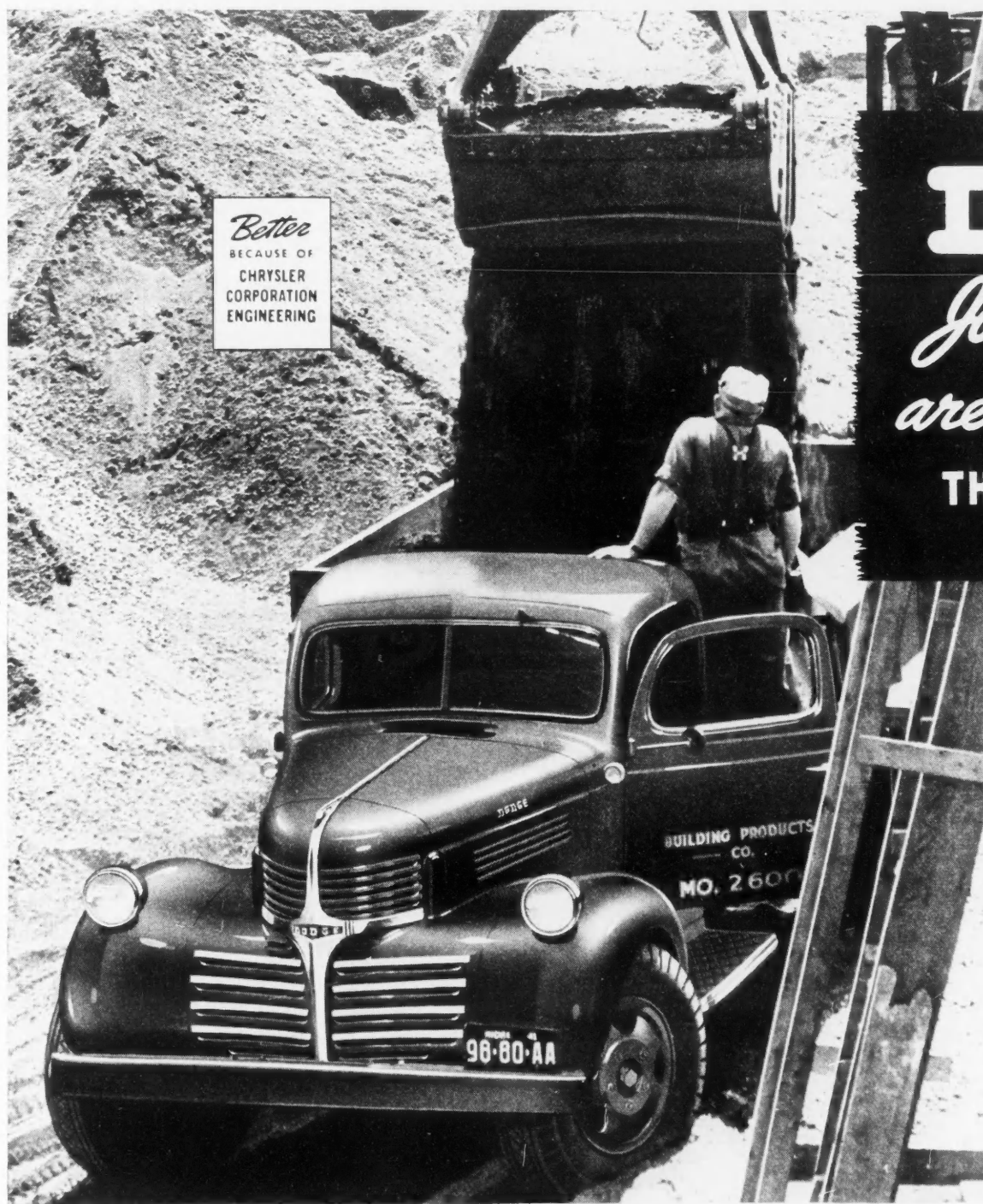
the whole matter is the responsibility of the Federal Government.

On the other hand, municipal affairs are under the jurisdiction of the provincial governments. Municipal acts give authority to local councils to institute certain fire services. But so far there is no legislation requiring them to maintain fire brigades and equipment. No responsible authority has yet suggested that the provinces undertake to finance the municipalities in a re-organized set-up of fire fighting, although the need for a more efficient and practical system was apparent

long before the war has made one imperative.

If the Civilian Defence Fire Service plan is to achieve what it sets out to, the question of who pays the bill must be decided promptly. Federal ARP, under the Ministry of National Health and Pensions, states that this year they have only \$250,000 to spend, and have already supplied "vulnerable areas" with some equipment. As far as the main issue is concerned the provinces are engaged in tossing the ball to Ottawa, and everyone is playing the game according to his own rules.

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Congress Turns a Bad Corner

BY GOLDWIN GREGORY

A play-by-play story of the fight to get the Neutrality Act revised in the United States and a consideration of the effects of an adverse vote.

As it is, Goldwin Gregory echoes Ernest Bevin's words: "The American decision sounds the death knell of Hitler's hopes."

A HIGH crisis in the illness which presently afflicts the world, and therefore the affairs of all humanity, passed favorably when, on Monday, President Roosevelt by his signature to a bill gave effect to the will of the people as expressed by Congress and emasculated the Neutrality Act. Unfortunately, however, the significance of this action has not been generally appreciated in Canada, and indeed in the United States, in the halls of Congress, even there has been a singular unawareness of the extent to which American legislation can exercise its effect, direct and indirect.

Writing in *SATURDAY NIGHT* of November 1 the Editor, then just returned from England, said that "the extent of British endurance is very closely conditioned by the amount of hope which can be entertained of substantial American cooperation." Then, two Sundays ago, in a broadcast of impressive distinction, Mr. Sandwell, with the emphatic cor-

roboration of Mr. Grattan O'Leary of the *Ottawa Journal*, repeated that the great and sustaining element of the British will to resist was Hope. Let us examine the recent proceedings in Congress in the light of their moral effect, not on the British alone but generally.

A little over a month ago, Mr. Roosevelt asked Congress to repeal that section of the Neutrality Act which prohibited the arming of merchant vessels and to give consideration to the later repeal of those sections which forbade such vessels to enter belligerent ports or to travel in zones of combat. The House of Representatives by a large majority quickly authorized the arming of the vessels and thence the repealing bill went to the Senate. The committee to which it was referred for preliminary approval, however, saw fit to anticipate a later presidential request and recommended repeal of all the hamstringing sections. After a debate which was notable for the lack of obstructionist tactics by the isolationists, the Senate, by a vote of 50 to 37, passed the bill in the form recommended.

Domestic Issues

Senate majorities greater than this had been customary in matters involving the President's foreign policy. But the fact was that a domestic issue had been interjected, an issue which was to bring about that critical day of last week when the amended bill almost failed of passage in the House of Representatives. It was in the development of this crisis that the external effect of American action came almost to be ignored, and preoccupation with domestic affairs by Congress and people alike laid fair for a moment to strike a deadly blow at the hopes and aspirations of the democracies. The danger was all the more real in that it came from those who had previously given aggressive approval to each step directed at curbing the Axis. Briefly, there were certain senators, supporters of the Administration, who said: We are going to have to fight Hitler, and we should, but we must first fit our house in order and deal more firmly with labor, certainly, and with other matters such as the great inflation, possibly, when

this is done, we will be ready not only to repeal the Neutrality Act but to go to war.

When the Senate additions to the repealing bill came back to the House for approval, it was not on the merits that the proposal to send American ships into combat zones and belligerent ports was debated. Proponents of the bill had been confidently expecting pro forma endorsement with a majority of more than one hundred, but the incipient revolt in the Senate had sown seed which was to be reaped in the House. Heedless almost entirely of the aid and comfort they might be giving to the Nazis, some of the Democrats from that Deep South in which interventionist feeling runs highest bolted from their previous allegiance "because," said one, "of the unruly elements in our midst." They demanded that before being called upon to deal further with foreign policy, there first be action taken to prevent strikes in defence industries.

Goaded to Anger

Heartened by this revolt, the isolationists put on a pressure campaign to deal the President a body blow. Appealing to all the emotional arguments at their command—and these on other occasions had shown themselves potent indeed—they were able to bewilder a large number of representatives, and came very near to success in their attempt to effect what would have been, but which was not at once recognized as such, an invitation to Japan and Germany to proceed with their plans careless of their effect on the United States. It was only after resort to strong and most unusual tactics, involving pleas, promises and threats, that the House, by the slim majority of eighteen, was persuaded at last to back up the President in asserting the freedom of the seas.

While, as always, the principal opposition numerically came from Republicans and was actuated by a desire to take political advantage, the more significant arose within the ranks of the President's own party. This breach may soon be closed, but it has most certainly thrown a scare into the party management that will not soon be forgotten, and it is likely to have a salutary effect in the emphasis that it has put on the necessity for firm dealing with the domestic economy. Another point that unfortunately came to the surface when emotions ran high during the debate may not now properly be ignored, for it is bound to be recurrent whenever the isolationists scent the opportunity of employing it to their advantage. It is one which Canadians, however much they may resent its use, can perhaps render less effective by understanding it, for the aim of those who use it is achieved by goading to blind anger. Toward the close of the House de-



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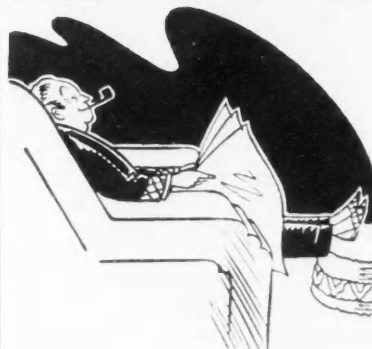
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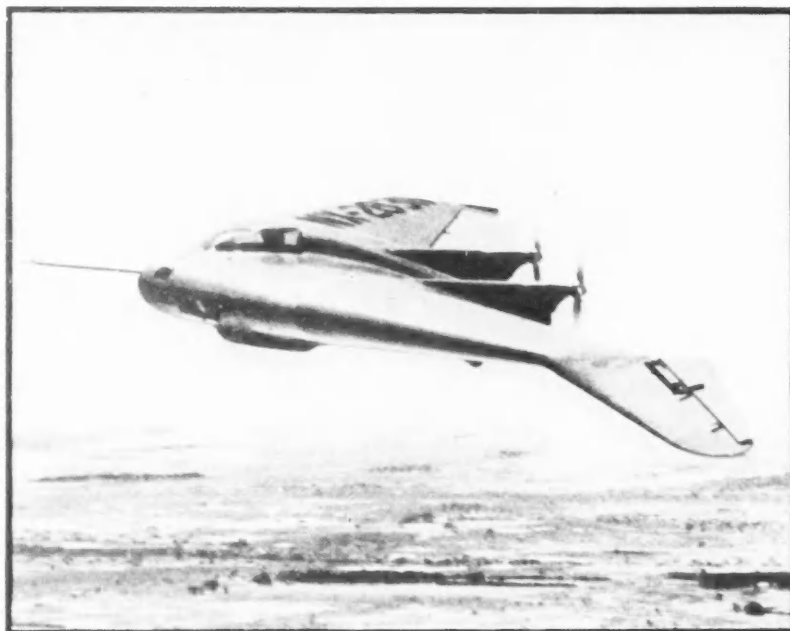


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bate Majority Leader McCormack felt impelled to recognize the potential effectiveness of appeals that had been based on hatred or distrust of Britain. Concluding, with his speech, the case for the Administration, he had said: "Do not cast your votes on this issue in accordance with your hates, but with the security of your country. . . I do not like England, but I love the United States, and I am not going to allow my prejudice against England to affect my obligation to the United States." He was addressing himself to members who had made such remarks as "Let's tell England: 'You get in there and fight like hell for yourself for a while and then we'll see if anything else should be done,'" and "England is now spending more money to help this country make up its mind about getting into the war than she is spending on helping the Russians." That which it is important to understand about circumstances which give rise to the utterance of such talk is, first, that it is neither symptomatic nor anything but the survival of that oppression of the Irish that is better remembered in the United States than in Ireland, and second, that it is largely a pandering for the votes of those constituents whose fetish is hatred of the English. The more it is ignored, the more rapidly will its significance fade.

Far-Reaching Effects

Turning, now, to a consideration of the effect of Neutrality Act revision, we may note that henceforth not only will the merchant fleets now carrying goods and munitions to Britain and Russia be reinforced by a quite considerable and ever growing fleet under the United States flag, but, of at least equal importance, the warships of the United States Navy will follow in their train. We may expect that before long these ships will be based on British ports and will assume the duty of conveying across the whole width of the Atlantic. Nor is it unlikely—indeed it is far more than probable—that clashes between armed merchant ships and naval and air forces of the United States on the one hand, and enemy ships and planes on the other, will occur with increasing frequency, and where such encounters may eventually lead is anybody's guess.

That, though, is the direct tactical effect. A less direct effect will doubtless be a stiffening of determination within the United States; a better realization of the situation with which they are confronted and a sterner resolve to see through to its bitter end the enterprise on which they are embarked. An accompanying effect will be the redemption of the promises given by the Administration to deal firmly with domestic issues such as strikes and threatened inflation and, this once done, and a more efficient arsenal of democracy established.

Hitler Will Be Cramped

It is among the "intangibles" that we must look if we are properly to appreciate the full results of Neutrality Act repeal. Consider, therefore, the far-reaching effect on the hearts and minds of men outside the United States. Consider, too, as a gauge by which to measure the beneficial effect, the gloomy prospect which would have followed an adverse vote. Note the estimate that Raymond Gram Swing put on such a possibility: "If the vote had gone the other way, it would have been the most momentous event affecting the course of the war since the attack on the Soviet Union." Mr. Swing is not given to exaggeration.

Will not that hope that sustains the British be nourished by the sight of the Stars and Stripes flying from ships in the harbors of England? Listen to Ernest Bevin: "The American decision sounds the death-knell of Hitler's hopes." Would there not have been disillusion and disappointment in British hearts had Congress turned thumbs down?

What of Russia? Instead of fresh fuel to feed the fires that flourish on distrust of capitalistic democracy, new ammunition has been provided for the only kind of crusade against the evils of Communism that is ever likely to make headway: a sympathetic understanding by the people of one country toward those of another with whom they have interests in common. Even though the material benefit to be derived from this particular legislation may be remote from Russia, a people so volatile as the Russians extract much spiritual exhilaration from a friendly gesture.

Of Germany and Italy? Those instructions which Hitler gave to his

submarines and planes to lay off American shipping have been of no avail. Think, though, of the joy there would have been in Berlin had Mr. Roosevelt come a cropper. In Rome, though, there is perhaps some occasion for quiet rejoicing, for the slave-master's whip is cracking ominously near the skin of him who surrendered himself into servitude.

Of Japan in particular? The signal has not been given which would have indicated a road unimpeded by obstructions made in the United States. British naval forces based on Singapore will now be reinforced by units relieved from the Atlantic by American ships. Unity of purpose and of action in resisting aggression everywhere has been cemented and reasserted. The blow has fallen with more immediate effect on Japan than elsewhere, and now most certainly must the militarists give in or embark on a war which can have little prospect but of defeat.

To all men everywhere it must now be clear that the United States has taken a step that clears the decks for future action. What that action will be depends to a large extent on Adolf Hitler, but his style will assuredly be cramped if he adopts a course that will not collide with Uncle Sam's.



The Aircraft-carrier "Ark Royal", many times reported sunk by the Axis, which was last week struck by a torpedo while on patrol in the Mediterranean and sank within twenty-five miles of Gibraltar while being towed to port. A calm sea permitted the ship's personnel, which numbers around 1,600, to be taken off and only one life was lost. The "Ark Royal" participated in the attack on Taranto and in the hunt for the "Bismarck".

SOME SALIENT FEATURES OF CANADA'S WAR EFFORT EXPRESSED IN TERMS OF UNITED STATES POPULATION OR NATIONAL INCOME

Canada's population is about 11,500,000, the United States' about 120,000,000. It is estimated that the national income of Canada in the present fiscal year will be something less than \$6,000,000,000 and that the national income of the United States will be something less than \$80,000,000,000. A true picture of the war effort of any country can only be obtained when that effort is considered in relation to potential resources. For the convenience of United States readers, therefore, the following salient features of Canada's war effort are presented in round figures, in terms of United States population or national income. Figures relating to man-power are translated in terms of population, figures relating to money in terms of national income.

	Canada	In United States Terms
Number of men in navy.....	25,000	282,500
Number of men in army.....	230,000	2,599,000
Number of men in air force.....	83,000	937,900
\$ 100,000,000,000.....	100,000	1,130,000
Money spent on war (first two years) — including financial aid to Britain.....	\$2,183,000,000	\$32,745,000,000
Money being spent on war this fiscal year (April 1, 1941, to March 31, 1942) — including financial aid to Britain.....	\$2,350,000,000	\$35,250,000,000
Cost to Canada of British Commonwealth Air Training Plan (for three years).....	\$ 531,000,000	\$ 7,965,000,000
Value of Canadian products, including war supplies and equipment, sent to Britain in first two years of war.....	\$1,971,000,000	\$16,065,000,000
Value of Canadian products to be sent to Britain during present fiscal year.....	\$1,500,000,000	\$22,500,000,000
Estimated amount of Federal revenue in present fiscal year.....	\$1,500,000,000	\$22,500,000,000
Money loaned to Canadian Government by Canadian people since outbreak of war.....	\$1,470,000,000	\$22,050,000,000
Voluntary contributions to war charities since outbreak of war.....	\$ 27,000,000	\$ 405,000,000
Total value of contracts placed and commitments made by Department of Munitions and Supply on Canadian and British account.....	\$2,400,000,000	\$36,000,000,000

From "Canada at War", issued by the Director of Public Information, Ottawa

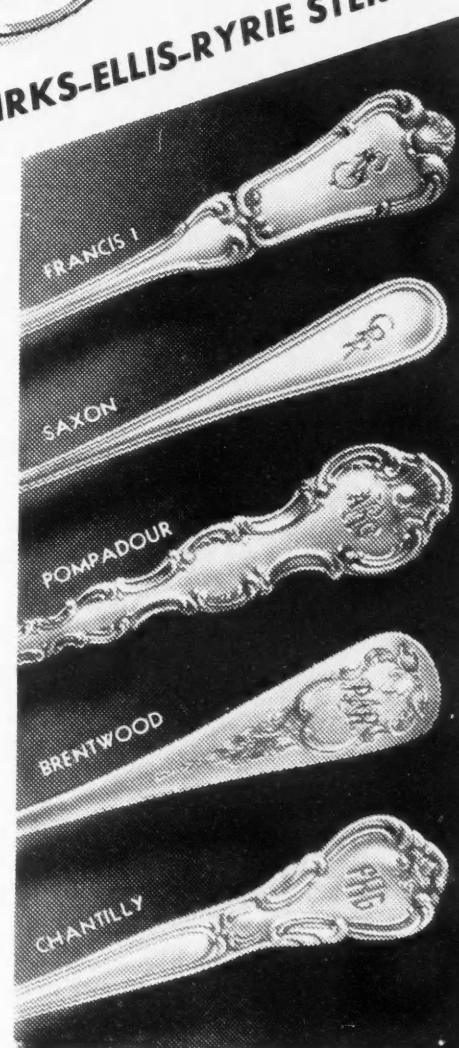


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Salad Fork.....	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.70	2.25
Cream Soup Spoon.....	2.35	2.35	2.35	2.60	2.50
Butter Spreader with hollow-handle.....	2.40	2.40	2.40	2.70	2.40
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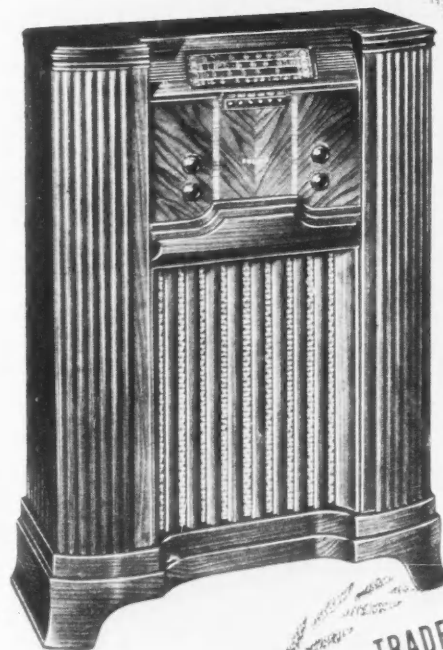
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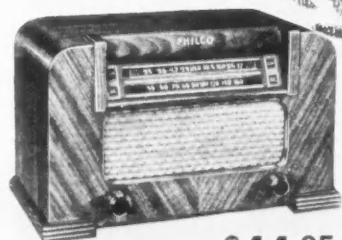
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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Where Do Catholic Thinkers Stand?

BY H. DYSON CARTER

ONE of the silly untruths believed by so many Protestants is that the political and economic opinions of Roman Catholics are dictated by priests. Hence, when a priest like Father Bryan of Loyola College (see SATURDAY NIGHT, November 1) makes statements which would justly lead to the internment of ordinary citizens, many people spread the lie that the Catholic church is a subversive agency working on behalf of the enemy.

We will leave little Loyola with a pious hope that its notorious reactionary "skunks" Father Bryan calls his enemies, using the language of Goebbels) come to their meagre senses before non-Catholics worsen their prejudices still further.

And we turn to a real institution of learning. Famous St. Louis University, in Missouri. Like Loyola, this is a Jesuit College. But what a difference! At St. Louis the priests are scientists rather than rabble-rousers. One of these scientists is Father B. J. Luyet. He is a biophysicist. Which means that he is studying life from the cool viewpoint of atoms-and-energy, leaving God's Will out of it for the time being.

However, Father Luyet has not deserted his Christian faith. It seems that above all he has Charity. So, when he recently found a remarkable book, written in a difficult foreign language and dealing with his own subject in a very advanced way, he decided that all biophysicists should know about it. He had the book translated into English. He published it. He edited it and praised it.

That book was written by Dr. G. F. Gause, who is one of Father Bryan's Russian "skunks," and no ordinary polecat either, but a celebrated Red Professor at Moscow's Communist University!

For the record (we don't advise you to order unless you are a biophysicist) the book is: "Optical Activity and Living Matter," by G. F. Gause, edited by B. J. Luyet, S.J., published by Biodynamica, Normandy, Missouri.

FATHER LUYET and his fellow Jesuits at St. Louis published that book in English because they felt that Comrade Gause's work deserved widest publicity. To thinking Catholics, a scientist is a scientist, even if he does work under the banner of Stalin for what he thinks is his duty. But what about the Moscow professor's book? What in the name of the Kremlin is "Optical Activity and Living Matter?"

Of course it is nothing unusual for Catholic research men to publicize the outstanding work of others, regardless of faith or lack of it. And Dr. Gause's subject is extraordinary. Father Luyet points out that very few experts over here know anything about it. We hasten to assure him that Canada has one such expert. He is Dr. Alan Newton Campbell of the University of Manitoba, formerly of Aberdeen and London, author of many papers on Optical Activity (and with whom your reporter had the honor of being co-author on several occasions).

TO GRASP what Optical Activity means—really a fascinating field of study—we turn to Nature's road rules. Think of a snail shell. It has a spiral twist. The shells of any one species of snail all twist in the same way. For example, left-to-right (clockwise). Probably you have never noticed this. Or the fact that climbing vines curl one way only. Next summer you can see for yourself, but in the meantime take our word. Exceptions in any one species are rarely if ever found, and when they do occur the strain is not reproduced. In great numbers of animals and plants there are clear signs of this strange biological traffic law. Either it is No Left Turn or No Right Turn.

How come? Perhaps the Bible does tell us poetically that God sees every

sparrow fall. But surely it is stretching things to believe that the Almighty takes time to put each sweet-pea vine on the right track! As we might cynically expect, Professor Gause has not spent his time at Moscow University looking for divine sermons in stones or snail shells. With this, indeed, Jesuit Father Luyet agrees. Both men have been searching for facts in microscopes.

Rather, in polaroscopes. Don't let this word make you restless. Maybe you wore a kind of polaroscope this summer. Meaning the new "polaroid" sun glasses. These keep out a certain kind of glaring light. "Polarized" light is the name of the arrested ray. It simply means light waves vibrating in one of two directions (up-and-down as compared with back-and-forth). There are glasses that shut out each kind of light. So when you put two such glasses in the path of a light ray, you get a total blackout.

WHAT does a polaroscope do? It measures with great accuracy the twisting of rays of light.

Picture a beam of light, such as you see shining down from the projection booth in a movie theatre. That ray can be twisted around just as you twist a rolled newspaper in your hand. Human hands cannot do this to light, however.

In the polaroscope a tiny beam of light is passed through a long tube filled with water. In the water is dissolved, for example, some sugar. The invisible molecules of sugar grip the light ray and twist it. By watching a pretty little shadow pattern, the human operator measures the amount of the twist, as shown by the polaroscope's delicate scales. Different kinds of sugar change the direction of twist. Thousands of substances have this strange ability to turn light rays off the straight path

of vibrating virtue. But each chemical is always either right-turning (dextro) or left-turning (levo).

Here is what Comrade Gause has discovered: only among non-living things will you find substances that do not have right or left-handed characteristics. Everything that is alive—and many things that are not alive—are either dextro or levo. Finally, the cells of living organisms pick the infinitely small molecules of food they absorb according to whether the foodstuff particles are right or left-handed, rejecting the kind that doesn't agree with their structure.

THIS is nothing less than a whole new approach to biological problems. The practical meaning of it is probably a long way off. But it may have a bearing on the riddle of cancer. Probably man's brain and personality are influenced profoundly by dextro-levo factors (left-handed people puzzle psychologists and neurologists).

Without doubt, Red Professor Gause has started something big. He has presented a biological argument supporting "dialectical materialism," the philosophy of "opposites," advanced by Communist thinkers. And Catholic thinkers have hastened to spread the news. If Father Bryan is infuriated, that simply proves the theory... there is a Left and a Right even among Jesuits!

There is also, unfortunately, good and evil. The Bishop of Biltz, Joseph M. Corrigan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, recently issued this pointed reminder: "Those who follow the path of Him who has said unto us: I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, are bound more than any others to serve truth and to make truth recognized by their fellowmen." In our next article we will examine a great intellectual contribution made by C.U.A. in the war against Hitler and other liars.

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Japan's Navy

BY DAVID ENGLAND

Japan has strengthened her strategic position by the acquisition of bases and is reported to have three or four new battleships of 40,000 to 45,000 tons almost ready for service.

The Japanese fleet is said to be "ready and itching for action". But Japan has never yet faced a first-class power on the sea.

AMONG the principal firedogs of the Japanese militarists is Captain Hideo Hiraide, head of Naval Intelligence at Imperial Headquarters. He declares that the Japanese Navy "is ready and itching for action."

They may regret any rash move. For the fact is Japan has never yet faced a first-class Power on the sea.

Japanese naval ambitions have been well-known to the world's admiralties for the past quarter of a century. In fact, there has been obvious rivalry between Japan and the United States ever since the end of the World War, to which the Washington Naval Treaty only put a temporary stop. The Japanese were fortunate during that war, in that they were never called upon to take part in any big naval action so that their losses were slight.

When Japan came into the World War its Government had already decided upon a vast naval building program. She was handicapped in the Pacific by lack of naval bases, but in recent years her expansionist policy in that ocean has enabled her to overcome this. For instance, the seizure of the Spratley Islands took her at one leap tremendously nearer Australia. Next, the occupation of Camranh Bay in Indo-China has compelled close collaboration between Britain and America in the Far East.

Perhaps the most menacing threat of late years, where the United States is concerned, is the Japanese acquisition of the former German Marshall Islands. They were a mandate from the League of Nations, and, as such, should have remained unfortified. It is believed, however, that the Japanese have taken steps to turn these into a powerful base.

Outclass U.S.?

Because of Japanese aggression America has determined it is vital for her safety to build a two-ocean Navy, maintaining a huge fleet in both Pacific and Atlantic. Secret information has reached Washington that Japan is aiming at outclassing the American Navy. It is believed three or even four ships of 40,000 to 45,000 tons are almost ready for service. The yards in which they have been built are surrounded by the utmost secrecy. Moreover, signs are reported to point to a Japanese battleship program including eight and possibly twelve such super-vessels.

It has been suggested, up to the present the Japanese Navy has never been faced by first-class opposition. Expert naval opinion is that the Japanese are too fond of the big gun and heavy armaments. They have tried to build battleships out of yards, slimming lines to gain speed but at the same time piling up armaments.

An unfortunate result of this was seen in 1936 when the torpedo-boat *Tomoduru* capsized during manoeuvres. After that several warships were withdrawn for reconstruction. Then six 8,500-ton cruisers had one of their main gun-turrets removed to give them stability. Originally designed to carry fifteen 6.1 in. guns, eight 5 in. anti-aircraft guns, and twelve torpedo tubes, they were a year late coming into commission. British designers affirmed such ships could only carry twelve 6 in. and eight 4 in. a.a. guns and six torpedo tubes with safety.

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THE HITLER WAR

Hitler's Winter Program

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT IS NOW four weeks since I have dealt directly with the situation in Russia. Looking back over that article of October 25, "Hitler Still Has Much To Do In Russia", the chief impression which one gains is that Hitler still has almost as much to do, having taken only Kharkov and most of the Crimea. As "The Hitler War" predicted from the very beginning of the gigantic operation against Moscow, he has not succeeded in taking the capital.

This places Hitler in a serious predicament. It seems extremely unlikely that he can prepare an even greater offensive and carry it through to success in the thick of winter. Operations of some kind can be carried on throughout the winter in Russia, just as they could in Canada, but hardly on that scale. And Hitler must rest his armies some time, and allow his production to refill his supply depots, if he is to put on big new offensives in 1942.

Yet the alternatives to pressing on with the capture or encirclement of Moscow will be pretty difficult for Hitler to accept. They are: leaving his troops in siege lines outside the city all through the winter, or withdrawing them to such winter quarters as still exist in Vyazma, Bryansk and Smolensk, to meditate in either case on their Fuehrer's first great failure. And the Russians would be left in possession of the most valuable concentration point in all Russia, a sally-port for their great counter-offensive, when they are ready.

To give ground must come very hard to Hitler, though he would have a good precedent in the brilliantly executed withdrawal to the Hindenburg Line in February, 1917. Nor is the choice of what to do entirely his; whatever he and his High Command may want to do for the winter, it seems clear that they will have to reckon with ceaseless counter-attacking and harassing by the Russians the whole time. Except in the South, where Budenny lost control of the situation, the Soviet troops have apparently pursued these tactics every time the German pressure has eased, since the day the invasion began.

So far, however, there has not been the slightest indication of a German intention to withdraw on the Moscow Front. There have been, instead, persistent efforts to break the northern and southern anchors of this front, at Kalinin and Tula, and encircle the capital. At Tula the Germans have pressed heavily for the past five weeks, endeavoring to deprive the Soviets of this ancient arms centre, secure the coal mines which will otherwise provide Moscow with heat and power throughout the winter, and push on to the extremely important rail junction of Ryazan, 100 miles beyond.

On the northern Moscow flank the

Nazis have been as persistent in trying to cut the main railway line through Kalinin to the Russian armies in the Lake Ilmen region, armies which have maintained a spirited resistance for months and still remain close outside Novgorod and in possession of Volkhov. Failing to win Kalinin, the Germans have lately made a surprise advance to cut the secondary rail line behind this sector of Russian front, the Vologda-Leningrad line, at Tikhvin.

Whether supplies were actually flowing into Leningrad itself along this line, I don't know. In two months of careful study of the communiqués I have seen no definite indication that any opening remained, or had been regained, for passage in and out of the city by land. An opening for limited traffic across Lake Ladoga there has always been, and the Russians have tried mightily to reopen a rail connection. It may be that this is the reason for the extreme concern which the Soviet Army paper *Red Star* shows for Tikhvin.

Need for Aluminum

Or this concern may be for the bauxite mines at Tikhvin, which formerly supplied the aluminum industry of Leningrad. The precious ore may have more lately been hauled in the opposite direction, to the Urals. As Lord Beaverbrook has revealed, aluminum is one of Russia's greatest needs, and when Stalin heard he was to have priority even over Britain's needs for the present, at Churchill's insistence, he murmured "the old war-horse!" There may be the basis for one of the strangest friendships in history here!

The Tikhvin drive appears to have the broader purpose, however, of

completing the encirclement of Leningrad, closing the Lake Ladoga loop-hole by joining up with the Finnish-German force beyond the Svir and to be a move against the Archangel supply line from Britain and the United States. Three prongs can now be seen reaching out to cut this vital artery. The first is at Kalinin, the second at Tikhvin, and a third, taking shape at the south-west corner of the White Sea. This last may prove the most menacing, though it has so far gone almost unnoticed. The Finns and Germans appear to have pushed up the Murmansk Railway all the way from Petrozavodsk to the White Sea. Berlin claims to have reached Soroka, and confirms that a



—Map from "Life".

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new branch railway runs across from here to the Archangel line (and thence to Moscow).

If the enemy has been able to push 250 miles up the Murmansk railway, the physical task of pushing some 250 miles or so along this new branch line below the White Sea, to its junction with the Archangel railway, oughtn't to be much more difficult. This season of the year, when the rivers and muskeg are frozen over, but winter has not yet set in in all its severity, is in some respects the best for operations in the north. Thus there is a real danger here, though the Russians may be expected to defend the junction on the Archangel line strongly, and the extended German communications would be vulnerable to guerrilla attack.

The Tikhvin and Kalinin drives may meanwhile seek to chew their way steadily towards Vologda, which must be a main German objective, as all Allied supplies entering at Archangel for the Leningrad and Moscow fronts pass through here.

Following the third or fourth revision of his plans, the main objectives of Hitler's recent great efforts in Russia appear to have been: victory over the Russian armies; destruction of Soviet munitions potential; cutting of the lines of supply from Britain and the U.S., both to north and south; oil; and winter quarters for his troops. Of all these he has only partially achieved the first two. The Russian Central Army, after losing heavily at Vyazma and Bryansk, has shown great strength before Moscow. In the South Timoshenko appears to have rallied an army which the Germans had counted already on its way to dissolution under Budenny. Neither the Moscow nor Leningrad industrial areas have been conquered, nor even the whole of the Donetz Basin, while everywhere the Russians have slipped valuable machinery away to the rear, where at least a few plants are claimed to be again in operation.

Caucasus Attack

Yet in typical German fashion Hitler seems to be passing on to his third and fourth objectives without having finished with the first and second; as to the fifth, while failing signally at Leningrad and Moscow, he has at least gained the "sanatoria east" of the Crimea. Attention is held at present by his developing attack against the Caucasus. The original plan for cracking this tough nut and extracting its precious juice, I believe to have been somewhat as follows. While the German armies rolled across the Southern Ukraine last May or June, Turkey was to succumb to German threats, blandishments and bribes and grant free passage to Nazi troops. This, together with coups in Iraq and Iran, was to lay the Russian southern flank wide open. A grandiose pincer was then to have enveloped the Black Sea, while occupation of the Crimea gave the Germans an "air-raft pier" mooted in its centre.

It is against this background that one must judge Germany's success to date and prospects for the future. I think that Turkey still plays an important role in Hitler's plans for seizing the Caucasian oil fields. Last week there were plausible reports from Bern of a Nazi bribe of Greece and Bulgaria having been offered the Turks for alignment with the Axis. Probably free passage would not be enough for Hitler now; he would want participation by Turkey's manpower against Russia and Britain, and would have other bribes to offer for that, to the east. It seems extremely doubtful that he will get it; on the contrary, he may have to fight hard for passage.

There are a number of reasons for believing that Hitler will strike through Turkey, that a Middle Eastern campaign and not an invasion of Britain is next on his program. A drive through Turkey would be a great help, and is perhaps necessary, in a successful conquest of the Caucasus. The oil which Hitler hopes to seize there cannot be delivered in quantity to Germany and Western Europe without control of the Mediterranean. A blow second only to an invasion of the Isles could be struck at Britain in the Middle East. Hitler can bring his most powerful

weapon, his armored divisions, into play here, as he cannot do so easily across the English Channel. He can concentrate forces much more quickly in this theatre than can the British. He has been reinforcing his army in Libya all summer long at heavy cost; had its work been done there, he could have pulled out his original force more easily.

These Are Big Plans

His latest demands on Vichy make it look as though he wanted naval and air bases in Tunisia to make the Central Mediterranean safer for his convoys and too dangerous for ours. It is credible that he would also like to see the intractable Weygand replaced as proconsul of French Africa by General Dentz of Syrian fame, and Darlan's navy thrown into the

Mediterranean naval balance just as trouble in the Pacific distracts British strength to distant Singapore. Aided by the "collaborationists" Dentz and Darlan, and with Weygand out of the way, it is not hard to imagine German forces spreading quickly through French North Africa and even moving into Spanish Morocco to set up powerful batteries and airfields opposite Gibraltar. Gibraltar would be placed at a great disadvantage by such a move, as it lacks the ground for a proper aerodrome, possessing only an emergency landing field for small planes.

Hitler's winter program might then develop in something like the following manner. A pause in the Crimean drive after capturing Kerch, to secure a bridgehead and organize the next phase. Then, when the big attack against Rostov is roll-

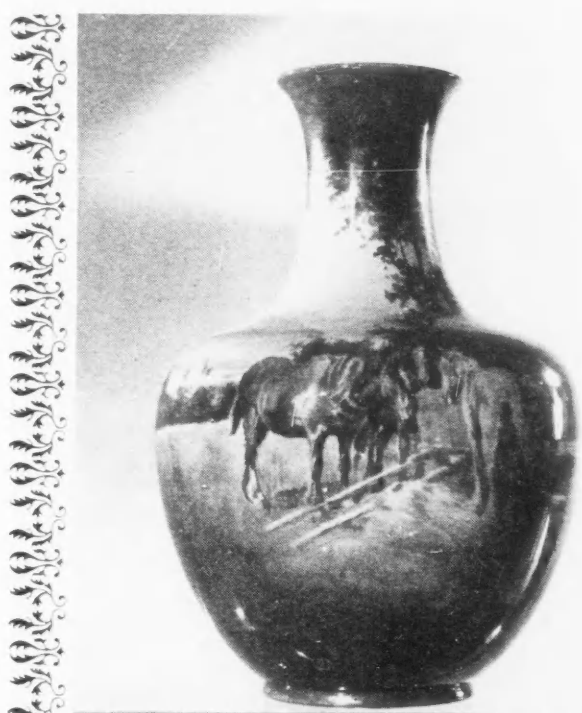
ing, the secondary drive across the Straits of Kerch will be unleashed, to take Rostov in the rear and reach the Maikop oil field. If Rostov falls, part of the German force will be split off to push back the "swinging door" (hinged at Moscow, and now unlocked at Rostov) to Stalingrad, while the other part joins in a drive as far, possibly, as Grozny.

Only then, when the final offensive against Baku had been mounted and set in motion, would the sweep through Turkey commence. And only after this phase had been completed and forces freed to sweep down through Turkey towards Suez, would the offensive from Libya get under way.

These are big plans. I only suggest that Hitler may have made them. Whether he can carry them through is another thing. That will

depend on whether he can disengage large forces at will in Central Russia. He may find Russia another China; a glue-pot from which it is as hard to withdraw one's fist as it was to punch it in. It will depend on whether Hitler has sufficient air-power to take on our large Middle Eastern air force (of 100 squadrons or more), while fighting the Red Air Force in Russia and the Royal Air Force in Western Europe and over the Atlantic. It will depend on whether the Turks yield to German threats or fight stubbornly, on whether the Vichy Navy can be brought to fight for Germany after the recent blood-spilling in France, and on how much British naval power might be attracted to Singapore by war in the Pacific. Here are many factors, too many, perhaps, for even the adroit Hitler to juggle.

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MONTREAL

Arthur Meighen and the Party Leadership

BY F. D. L. SMITH

WITH some inside knowledge I am convinced that Mr. Meighen's acceptance of the Conservative leadership was induced by a profound sense of duty, together with pressure from Liberals as well as Conservatives all across Canada, who felt that his exceptional gifts should be fully available to the nation in the greatest crisis of all time. Knowing from long personal experience

the heavy burdens involved in the office, especially under present conditions, he was very reluctant to abandon private life for the dust and strife of the Commons. I talked to him just before he made his decision and I do not believe that he yearns to be Premier again. I do believe that his one ambition is to aid in arousing the country to a more intense participation in the war. To this end he would have the Government abandon its single-party character for a truly national Government representative of all elements in the population.

In accepting the leadership he points out that the fate of Canada, of all the British nations, of civilization, and of Christendom itself is at stake in today's struggle against the heavily embattled Powers of Darkness. He has always been possessed by a passionate devotion to the British Empire as the keystone of the world's liberties. In coming out into the open now he is acting true to form. His skill in debate, his exceptional clarity of expression, his fine command of the English language, his force on the public platform should prove a powerful factor in inspiring the nation to the maximum war effort of which it is capable.

In the Senate

The new leader is so well known across Canada that he requires no biographical introduction to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. Suffice it to recall that twenty-five years ago he was the young but able and industrious lieutenant of Sir Robert Borden in the first World War; that he was Prime Minister of Canada from July 1920 to December, 1921, and again for a few months after the Lord Byng episode in 1926. In 1932, two years after the Bennett Government came to power, he was appointed Conservative leader in the Senate with a majority of the members behind him.

No sooner did he assume this office than it became evident that he had brought to the Upper House a firm conception of its dignity and obligations. He wished the august Red Chamber to regard itself as a reviewing body, invested and entrusted with the privilege and im-

A very brief glimpse into the new Conservative leader's Parliamentary past, an outline of the principles for which he stands, and a prophecy of what may be expected of him.

perative duty of studying and revising legislation sent up from the Commons. From the outset he insisted on amendments to bill after bill put through the Lower House by his political chief, Premier Bennett. In this respect he was no respecter of persons or of parties. He has been equally insistent on the right of the Senate to amend bills transmitted from the elective chamber by the Mackenzie King administration.

In asserting the Senate's prerogative he has been so uniformly courteous towards the Liberal Opposition that he has earned a remarkable eulogy from the Government leader, Senator Dandurand. From first to last he has maintained the position that the Senate is just as much a part of the government as the House of Commons; that the government of Canada consists of the Governor General, the Senate and the Commons; that no one of them can function without the other, and that the Senate is endowed by the Constitution with powers of legislative review which it is entitled to exercise and without the exercise of which it would cease to be useful.

One of the notable occasions upon which Mr. Meighen fought the Government in the Senate occurred in May, 1936. The Commons had approved and sent forward to the Upper Chamber, a proposed joint address of the two Houses, asking the Imperial Parliament to make such a change in the constitution as would enable the provinces to impose indirect taxation. Mr. Meighen argued that if the Senate concurred and the British Parliament enacted such legislation, each provincial legislature would be in a position to tax the sale of some commodities and to leave others untaxed; each legislature would be in a position to discriminate between different classes of retail business; the several provinces might impose different scales of sales taxes; widespread confusion would result in all lines of trade and business.

"A Sharp Sword"

Mr. Meighen went on to say that there never could have been a Dominion of Canada unless the power to tax by customs and excise had been taken from the provinces and reposed in the Dominion. This right of the provinces had to be surrendered and they had to agree to take something else in its place. What they agreed to take was first the plenary right of direct taxation together with heavy subsidies from the federal treasury; now the Government proposed lightly and casually to restore the old power to the provinces. This would have the effect of enabling the provinces to establish virtual inter-provincial tariffs—nine provincial tariffs in addition to the national tariff. "Such a course would mean the inevitable dissolution of Confederation; the bracings and boltings of its structure would disappear. The Senate should not consent to an act which would place in the hands of each province a sharp sword to smite other provinces."

These extracts from Mr. Meighen's long record in public life go some distance towards indicating the principles for which he has stood from first to last. In the past he has been capable of strong partisan utterances, but he is above all a profound believer in the British Empire and British institutions, and in the absolute necessity of all parts of the Empire and of all the democracies in the world pooling all their natural re-

sources and using them to the full in order that mankind may overcome Hitler and be delivered from the evil power of Nazism.

In conclusion I suggest that the appointment of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen to the Conservative leadership should make for the revival of the two-party system of responsible government—the system of government that has "worked" better for humanity than any other thus far

discovered. A restored Conservative Party to alternate in office with the Liberal Party will check the development of extreme leftist and rightist parties. The multiplication of such parties has been largely responsible for the chaos existing on the European continent today and especially for the humiliating collapse of the French Republic which had long suffered from new governments every ten or eleven months.



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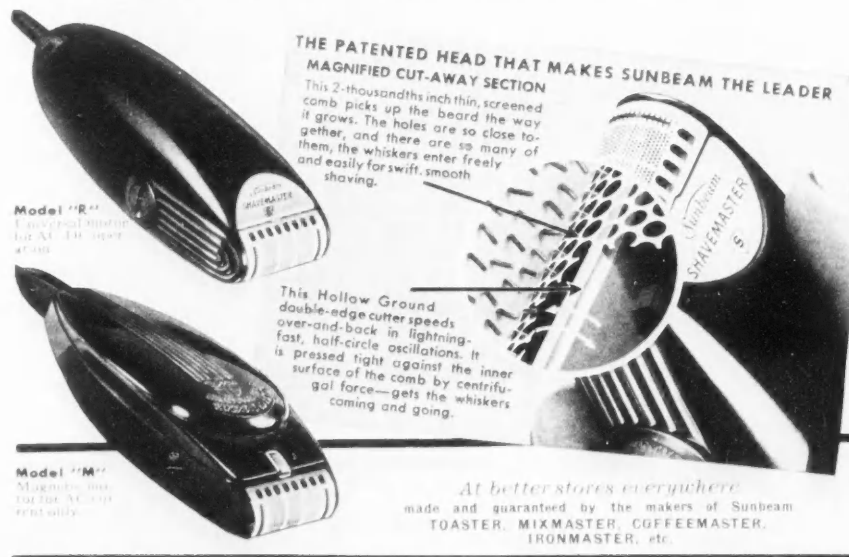
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Stalin and Hitler Judge Germany's Position

BY JACK ANDERS

IN HIS latest Munich *Bierkeller* speech, some two weeks ago, Hitler said: "Persons who could make revolution here are gone. They have been in England, America, and Canada for a long time;" or, as he might have added, they have been murdered by himself.

Those words are most significant, for they amount almost to a (naturally unintended, and moreover anticipated) confirmation of Stalin's contention which, in its turn, was made as though in reply to that sentence of Hitler's; Stalin's contention that Germany will "burst perhaps in a few months, perhaps in six months, at most in a year."

Since Russia's forced entry into the war we have largely forgotten the revolutionary implications of the present struggle. Many people who used to tell us almost daily that this war was a revolution against democracy by Nazism and Communism, alleged brothers under the skin, have kept very quiet since the twenty-second of June last; partly because they realize the necessity of living down the nonsense they wrote before that date, and partly because they are bewildered. Fact is that there was a revolution in Europe, and that it is still going on.

An egocentric and egomaniac like Hitler would naturally believe that a revolution is made by one man. And indeed, his accession to power on the thirtieth of January 1933 marked a definite stage in the German revolution, which in itself is part of the change that is going on in the world at large. But in 1933 the German revolution was more speedily throttled and betrayed than any other revolution in history; throttled and stunned, but not killed. It is safe to say that few Germans feel satisfied with what they got from Nazism; and if there is today a semblance of unity in Germany, this is so because Nazi propaganda has effectively convinced many of the Germans whom it could not convert to Nazism that the life of Germany, and not merely that of Nazism, is at stake.

If a boiler is made to stand a pressure of a hundred pounds, and if the pressure is driven up to hundred and twenty pounds, one will not prevent the boiler from bursting by putting on it a gauge that registers up to

Hitler said in his latest speech that there were no men left in Germany who could make revolution. Stalin countered that Germany must burst; he obviously meant, by revolution.

An egocentric and egomaniac like Hitler, says this article, would naturally believe that one man can make a revolution, and that he did so. But he merely used the latent pressure of revolution, that was there in Germany, for his own ends.

If, at the end of this war, we prevent the German revolution, the pressure will not subside, but it may, before it finally bursts, raise another Hitler to the top.

hundred and fifty pounds. But it may, within limits, be driven beyond its certified pressure if it is fettered by the strengthening of certain plates and by a stronger valve. The Nazi party represents the stronger plates, and Hitler the stronger valve, of the German revolution whose pressure has been rising since about 1920, that is, since its first betrayal, the betrayal of the 1918 phase, became obvious; the betrayal that brought back upon the German people the generals, the Junkers, and the Krupps and Thyssens—to get rid of whom it had laid down arms in November 1918, encouraged by our promises. The pressure is rising, and it must burst the patched plates and the new valve.

Revolutionary Phase

Nazism is a phase in the German revolution in that it has succeeded in using the pressure of that revolution for its own ends. Otherwise it has nothing to do with the revolution, and it never wanted it. Naturally it does not want it now. Because Hitler has made Nazism and has used the pressure of the revolution, he believes that it takes only a strong man to make or to stop a revolution at will. That, of course, may be done but only temporarily. For a revolution is not made, it is a process. That which is commonly called a revolution—a more or less short, and usually bloody upheaval—is merely the political and legal acknowledgment of that process; or else, if a "revolution" fails, this is a sign that the social change, which is the real revolution, has not progressed so far as the political revo-

lution makers believed it has.

Hitler realizes that the pressure in Germany is rising; the sentence quoted at the beginning makes it clear. But his success, which he owes to the mixing-up of revolution and Nazism, deceives him into believing that he "made" the revolution, and that there is no danger to him because there are no men left to "make" another "revolution" in Germany. What he thought aloud in that sentence was wishful thinking.

Stalin's use of the word "burst" was very eloquent indeed, more eloquent than the word explode would have been. For burst indicates the final result of rising pressure and not, as does explosion, something unforeseen, nor something that can be made to happen at will and at a moment's notice. For what Marxian social analysis such as one as Stalin would make of the internal German condition is worth, it is certainly more reliable than any analysis Hitler would make.

And that defines our task: to increase the pressure by all available means of military and political warfare. All democrats are not agreed on this. Many of them are afraid of increasing the pressure by political means, and would confine themselves to military means although that would extend the war beyond the time it would last if both means were employed. They are afraid of revolution, no matter where it occurs. They believe that revolution is contagious; as if a Canadian, a Britisher, an American, otherwise contented, would turn revolutionary just because there happens to be a revolution in another country—if otherwise they are contented.

"Utterly to Destroy"

An American commentator whose column is widely read, a lady, wrote the other day of Point 8 of the Atlantic Charter: it means "utterly to destroy the German Army . . . it means that no peace can be negotiated with any German Government that would have the support of the German people or of the German Army." She believes that peace can be negotiated with a German government that has the support of the German army. By the way, why Point 8 should exclude the negotiation of peace with a German government that is only backed by the German people, which would naturally include the army, unless it were an instrument of oppression, is difficult to see.

The lady declared that she had withheld her comment for months and was now making it reluctantly. A few days later she published another column in which she wrote: "Let anyone think that in my last articles I have suggested this camarilla (of the German generals) as a substitute for Hitler, let him immediately be disillusioned." And then she proceeded to launching a violent philippica against the German generals. It is, however, necessary to recognize and remember the salient point without wavering. It is this: democrats who cannot conceive of an army doing anything but what it is told to do by the people through their government must learn to realize that the German army has for the last hundred and fifty years—with the exception of the Napoleonic wars—never been a people's army. It has always been a tool in the hands of the generals and has done what it was told to do only when the

generals graciously approved of the government which gave the orders.

That will change only if we allow the pressure which is rising in Germany to consume itself in a violent burst, a burst that will above all sweep away the generals and will, if a German army there must be, create a German people's army. If we prevent the burst at the end of this war by putting the German army as a valve on the German

boiler we shall still do nothing but postpone it. There will be revolution in Germany. And if we insist on patching the boiler by making peace with that German army with which alone we can make peace, namely the present army which is Hitler's army, then, before the final burst, the pressure will be used by another Hitler to raise himself to the top, and he will bring another war upon us.

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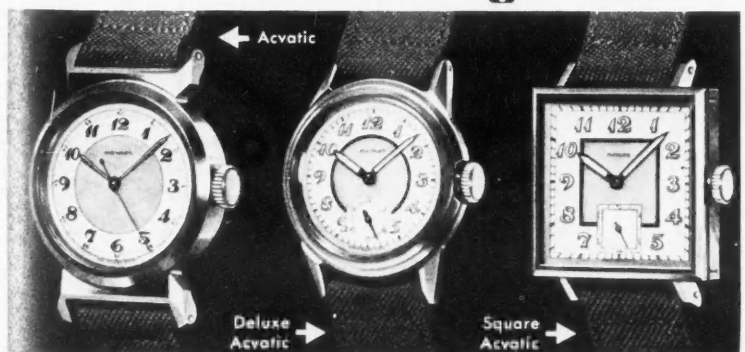
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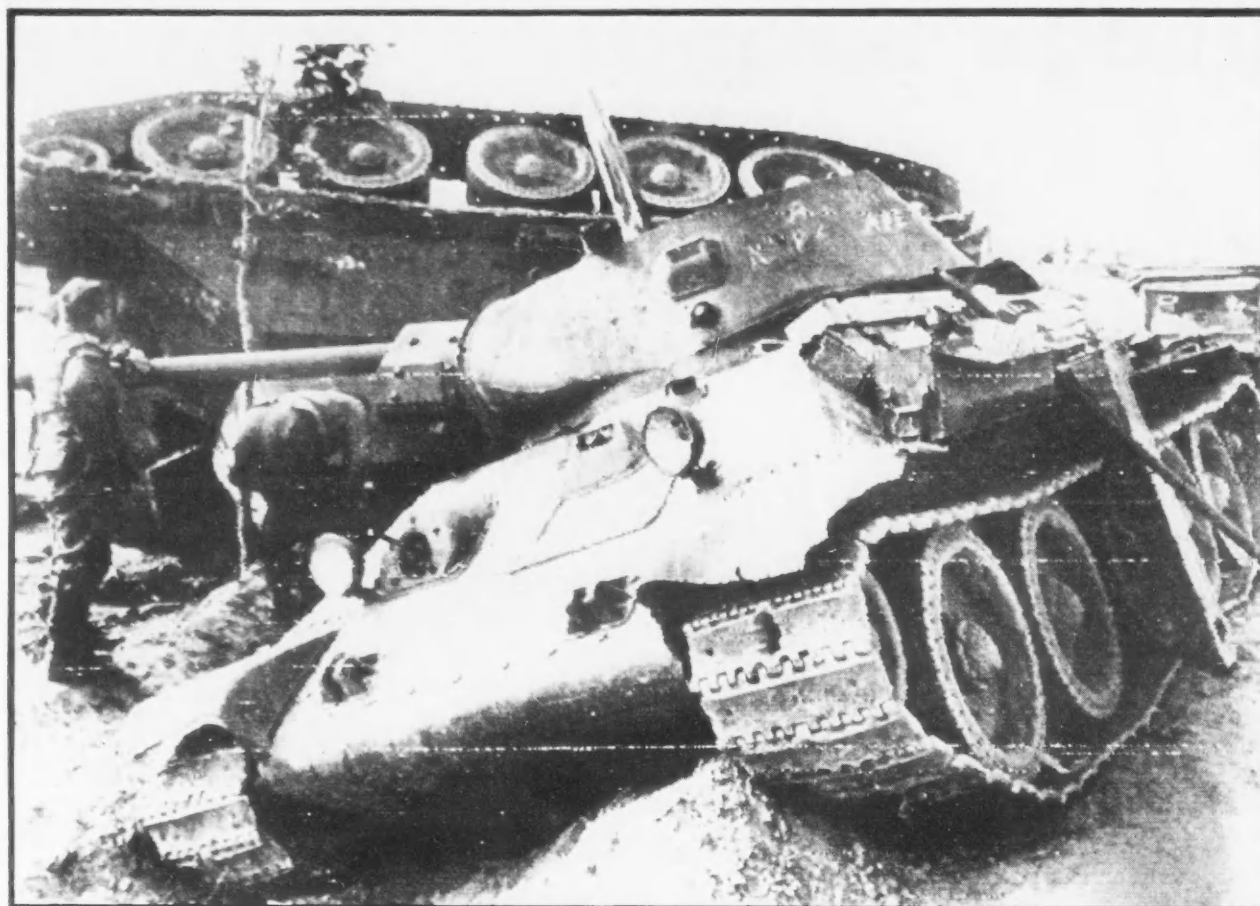
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"SOMETIMES NAZI CAMERAS... PAN THEIR ANTAGONISTS' ABANDONED... MACHINERY OF WAR"



"... THE ERSTWHILE OPPONENT HIMSELF AS HE TRUDGES PAST ..."

Nazis Have Fashioned Backfiring Propaganda

BY EDUARD BUCKMAN

"THEY figure there are literally tons of explosive material equivalent to TNT stored in these vaults," the librarian told me.

"Both literally and figuratively?" I suggested, and he laughed.

We stood in one of the carefully ventilated vaults, its silvered metal door open upon the whitewashed corridor, its racks of flat tin cans shining on either hand.

The vaults and the tin cans were a library: a film library.

Once a rarity found only in Hollywood studios and news reel concerns, such libraries are now becoming an accepted commonplace as the educational, potentialities and historical value of films are more and more recognized by governments, universities and museums.

The library in which we stood, however, was unique. Naturally all moving picture film, negative and positive, used for theatrical purposes, is inflammable, and, compressed in wound reels, explosive if ignited. But these particular reels were, as I had suggested, explosive in a figurative sense, too. The cans on this library's racks held reel upon reel of German-made Nazi war propaganda. This was the library of Canada's National Film Board in Ottawa. Undoubtedly, it ranks as the most complete collection of movies on the current conflict anywhere in the world today. Not only has it German items, but Italian, French, English, Australian, South African, American—virtually the world's shooting of the Nazi-Democracy struggle.

Canada has become the British Commonwealth's custodian for all those spoils of war which have to be lodged in a spot that, for the moment at least, seems furthest removed from possible danger. That's why Canada has an ever growing prisoner of war population; why she has become the depository for contraband films.

A Mystery

Certain reticent mystery surrounds the manner in which German and Italian films reach Canada. We know, of course, that the British contraband control authorities are ever on the alert at such shipping and airline points as Bermuda. We know, too, that the British navy is ever present on the high seas, and that the British Post Office authorities are vigilant. Anyway, whether through these or other channels, the films do reach the library of the National Film Board in Ottawa.

While the master copies may stay on the library's racks, this does not mean that the material is withheld from all circulation. Pertinent portions are freely made available for counter-propaganda purposes in films produced by allied and friendly countries. But the greatest user is and has been the National Film Board itself. The German material in particular has provided an unexcelled contrapuntal foil to effectively point many of the scenes the National Film Board has produced to show our own war effort.

In the "Canada Carries On" series, for instance, you may have wondered whether certain sequences purporting to portray German activities were actual pictures or studio fakes. You can rest assured that there is no faking whatsoever in any documentary film released under the "Canada Carries On" programme.

The Real McCoy

All pictures of purported German action have always been—and it is hoped, always will be—actual photographs taken by Nazi cameramen themselves as their unwitting contribution to the Allied war effort. You will recall the scenes on the battle ship's deck in "Churchill's Island," where German crews were firing indiscriminately upon all foreign shipping sighted on the high seas. These were from the German material.

So, too, was the submarine sequence in the same picture, with its barbaric U-Boat sailors' war chant. You may recall the German engineers busily repairing the blown up bridges in "The Strategy of Metals"—this shot came from the Germans' own documentation of the conquest of France and the Low Countries.

All Nazi films are basically and biasedly pro-Nazi. They show the Aryan warrior supreme. Never in them is there any suggestion that any opponent to the Nazi beliefs possesses a single admirable quality. All who have dared oppose are continually seen in abject ignominy, routed by the panzer putches.

Sometimes the Nazi cameras will gloatingly "pan" over their antagonists' abandoned and shot-riddled machinery of war—machine guns, artillery, tanks, trucks; at others, they follow the erstwhile opponent himself as, conquered and humiliated, he trudges past in slow, interminable lines of prisoners of war. But the German columns—men, motorcycles,

In Ottawa, stored for safe-keeping, are racks and racks of Nazi propaganda films.

This is a "review" of the films, topped off by reasons why they fail to accomplish their purpose of instilling the principle of Nazi invincibility.

tanks, trucks—are always advancing.

In the perambulator-like chassis of the motorized panzer divisions, these Aryan warriors sit magnificently erect, arms majestically folded upon proud manly breasts, as if their military bearing were itself sweeping everything automatically before it.

Inevitably the heroes do their advancing to martial music. Cannon may rumble and machine guns rattle under the marching refrains, but the music goes on and on and on, in triumphant unison with the conquerors. Cleverly, cunningly, the impression has become one of glorious, goreless achievement. Dead or wounded are rarely shown in the films reporting the conquests of Belgium, Holland and France. In the Russian campaign, however, they become a little more conspicuous. I suppose a good shot of a dead bad Bolshevik does possess righteously full propaganda value, where one of a pre-Vichy French casualty doesn't.

So much for the broad outline of the German type of war propaganda film. Now to the particular.

The commentary is in English, German or Spanish, depending on the market for which the respective version was destined. The accents of the German commentators speaking English vary from a Teutonic attempt at the Oxford accent to one at New Yorkese. But words in these films are few. The music is what the sound track concentrates upon.

Unadulterated Propaganda

The martial marching music, with its undertones of artillery, machine guns, marching feet, undeniably wears itself into an effect upon any audience. No matter how prejudiced we may be against these films, the effect of the crescendo of their musical score is absolutely inescapable. However, when the commentator's voice does break in on the music, we usually come, suddenly and angrily, to our senses.

Sometimes—but not often—our sense of humor comes to the rescue, as when the voice with the Teutonized Oxford accent tells us, "Now German troops are welcomed by the citizens of Brussels with joy and refreshments." But usually we are frankly outraged by the propaganda that is so unequivocally shouted at us.

For instance, we see a shot of Rotterdam rather decorously burning behind an immaculate unbombed row of typical Dutch homes, and the commentator remarks that quite unaccountably the Dutch High Command insisted upon declaring the centre of Rotterdam to be a military position, and so, unfortunately and regrettably—and much against their better desires—the Germans were forced to attack the position, and hence this lamentable conflagration.

Constantly we are handed blatant propaganda on the French prisoners. From a far panorama we see line after line of captives trudging toward and past the camera. But whenever the camera chooses to give us a close-up of an individual prisoner, we are invariably shown Jewish faces or the black negroid countenances of French African colonials, usually accompanied by some such supercilious remark from the commentator as, "Here is a defender of democratic civilization!"

An Informal Fuehrer

There are, of course, any number of astonishingly informative shots in these propaganda films. For example, the signing of the armistice between the French and the Nazis presents an incredibly effective character study. We watch Hitler nonchalantly strutting to the isolated railway coach, casually acknowledging the *Heil Hitlers!* from the troops lining the triumphant lane.

Then, looking right over the shoulders of the signers, we are taken literally to Hitler's elbow.

Finally we see him, accompanied by Goering, leave the coach. Unfortunately for the solemnity of the occasion, Goering has apparently been too occupied with the manipulation of his swastika-encrusted marshal's baton to make sure his medal-bespangled uniform is in order, and his coat-tails have become highly misplaced. Attention thereby is centered upon that portion of his anatomy which, viewed from the rear, is undeniably his most outstanding.

For more sinister humor, the pic-

ture also afforded a glimpse of Hitler, surrounded by his Nazi satchels, in a garden receiving some welcome news. The Fuehrer thereat proceeds to indulge in a calisthenic exhibition that is a cross between a Tarzan chest-thumping in goose-step style and a half-nelson kezotska.

If there had been a curtain handy, I feel sure he would, like Chaplin's Great Dictator, have climbed up it.

I was most interested in a remark made to me by one of the English cameramen now associated with the National Film Board. He pointed out that the German war movies may often look weak and unreal to us who are accustomed to the flash-bang hand-to-hand Hollywood method of projecting dramatic warfare.

Remote But Deadly

Technically, the cameraman said, there was not much visible action when soldiers were firing at one another over a range of a thousand yards or more; but though less spectacular than the Hollywood conception, the real thing was far more deadly. His statement really answered one doubt that had arisen in my mind as I watched the German movies. The reality of war itself had some how retreated even as the uniformed divisions advanced on the screen before me. I would have to remember that this was a war of long ranges of great distances. I must take the shots of burning Rotterdam and the abandoned lines of riddled lorries at far more than their apparent face value.

Now that I have seen the films, I can fully appreciate how perfect is the present use which the National Film Board is making of this German material. It is wonderfully gratifying to have these German movies so effectively turned to play a more telling part in a war effort directed against the very Nazis who originated them. Further, it is equally satisfying to know that while their material is continually finding its way onto the racks of the vaults of the National Film Board, very few, if any, Allied films are reaching Germany as contraband spoils of war.

Above all, it is surpassingly cheering to realize that even if our films did fall into Nazi hands, they would never provide—as the German ones so unquestionably do—such marvelous opportunities for use as counter-propaganda against the very propaganda for which they were originally conceived.

Washington, D.C.

CONSIDER the case of a heavy-weight prizefighter. He was once a challenger for the championship and as such he was very big news. But in his first big test he was knocked out in three or four rounds. He picked himself off the floor, went into training once more, and in his next fight he was knocked out in two rounds. His news value, of course, began to drop. He engaged in five or six more fights and in each one he was knocked flatter than a swing singer's high C. By this time his newspaper rating was no more than a three-line announcement neatly hidden between the want ads and the comic section.

Now consider the strange case of the isolationist bloc in the United States. For more than two years it has been battling various Roosevelt measures which have been aimed at aligning the United States shoulder to shoulder with the democratic world. There have been seven full-dress battles in Congress and in each one the isolationist bloc has lost. Yet

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Why Do Wheeler's Wheels Go Round?

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

world a man who plays the Nazi game is a freak, a strange psychopathic case. There is definite human interest in the shape of his mind and in the turn of his reasoning.

THESE stray thoughts wander into the typewriter mostly because I have just returned to Washington after three months' journey in Canada and abroad. I find the isolationists so thoroughly beaten, and Mr. Roosevelt so completely in command of the nation's foreign policy and of the public opinion necessary to make this command absolute, that I wonder why I should have been reading so much in the world's English-speaking press about what Wheeler and Lindbergh think.

And having learned this lesson thoroughly, what do I do? I return to print—and in my leading item for SATURDAY NIGHT I devote the bulk of my space to a discussion of Wheel-

Senators Wheeler and Nye and Herr Lindbergh still manage to make the front pages of the newspapers and the leading articles of the magazines each time one of them bestirs himself to open his mouth. They have lost so consistently they are slap-happy and punch-drunk. Yet editors and reporters often give them more space than is accorded the champ.

I hasten to plead as guilty as the next man. In two years of Washington correspondence I have devoted much more space to Lindbergh and Wheeler than to Roosevelt and Knox. Why? My explanation is quite unsatisfactory; it is based simply on a newspaperman's instinct for reader interest. In the English-speaking

er and Lindbergh. Silly, isn't it?

As far as one can look into the heart and mind of a man through the blurred windows of his public and private utterances and actions, this seems to be the Roosevelt philosophy and program. He knows America is doomed in a Hitler-dominated world. He hates war and is tortured by the thought that lives must be sacrificed. He will not commit his nation to total war unless and until he feels Hitlerism can be beaten no other way. He will explore every chance of accomplishing this without total war. He is not now ready to concede that total war is necessary by the United States. He feels there is a chance—a chance it may never be necessary.

This, then, is the basis of Roosevelt's program for victory over Hitlerism. This is the yardstick by which should be measured the historic significance of each Roosevelt step. Up to and including the lend-lease bill, these were defensive steps—steps de-

signed to prevent a Hitler victory by keeping Britain inviolate and in the field. Then came the invasion of Russia and the complexion of the war changed. Britain stopped bleeding and began building. Germany, having reached the zenith of her building, began bleeding.

AS WERE his defensive steps before the turn, Roosevelt's offensive plans are funnelled within his feeling and philosophy that total war may never be necessary for the United States. Total effort at home yes. But perhaps not total war perhaps. To this end he has merged the American navy with the British navy. Sea power which gives the Allies complete command of all the oceans may do the trick by strengthening Britain and Russia to the point of discouraging the shrewd German high command. The coming winter will possibly give an indication whether the contribution of the American navy is enough. If it isn't, the American air force, under the Roosevelt program, will go into action based in England. Perhaps this combined with the navy and the swiftly rising American production will do the trick. Time alone will tell.

And only if all these things still fail to achieve the defeat of Hitlerism will Roosevelt commit the nation to total war with an American expeditionary force.

Property in Britain

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THERE has undoubtedly been, at any rate in the danger areas of Great Britain and probably throughout the whole country, a marked diminution in what may be called the sense of property, meaning thereby the attachment of the individual to that which he owns and the importance which he ascribes to continuing to own it. An immense number of people, of all levels in the economic scale, have been "ruined" in the old-fashioned sense of the term by the overwhelming changes in commerce and industry which have resulted from total war. But they are still alive, and owing to the demand for every possible kind of service that human labor can render they are for the most part quite fully employed and not too uncomfortable; and the fact of being alive and not too uncomfortable in the midst of widespread danger and destruction and discomfort is in itself a very cheering and reassuring factor.

The immense spread of destruction in the danger areas at any rate, has created a sense of the futility of human possessions such as has certainly been unknown in England since the rise of the capitalist system. The new attitude can perhaps be best suggested by the conversation at two luncheons, or rather a luncheon and a midday dinner, at which I was a guest in London on two successive days. One of these was at the house of a fairly wealthy and highly cultured member of Parliament; the other was at the house of a man who had been a small retail shopkeeper with a moderately prosperous business of his own, and who had been driven out of that business by inability to obtain a sufficient supply of goods, and was at the time working in a new munition factory.

THE member of Parliament had a very fine old mansion in the Westminster area, in which was housed a collection of unique Oriental works of art and a very large and valuable Oriental library. Two houses in the terrace in which he lives had already been bombed and destroyed, but so far no damage had been caused to his house except the destruction of a few windows. I asked him why he did not move the pictures and library to a place of greater safety and why for that matter he continued to live in what was obviously a German military objective, along with his wife and household. His reply had a touch of fatalism. He needed to be in Westminster for his public duties, in which his wife largely shared. If there was any greater degree of safety in the country they did not care to purchase it at the price of deserting their job. As for the library and pictures, they owned them simply for the pleasure and use which they and their friends got out of them; they wanted to have them around; and they would get no satisfaction from them if they were buried some-

where in a vault or taken down to the country where nobody would see them. The future was uncertain in any event, but the present they still had with them and they proposed to make the most of it by getting all the use and pleasure possible both for themselves and their friends, out of the things they had learned to love.

THE former shopkeeper had not a word of resentment about the economic changes which had forced him from the position of an independent business man into that of a wage-paid operative. His only regret was that the habits of life which he had formed as a retailer were not such as to make for efficiency when he became a unit in a complex mechanical process. But he had discovered that the knack of dealing easily with individual customers, while it was no use in the mechanical operations of his new employment, was very valuable in the social relations with his fellow employees. He was already organizing a choral society in the plant, with cordial approval of the management which was placing generous facilities at his disposal. The son to whom he had expected to leave his little business had now been in the army for two years and had lost all taste for running a retail shop. The income of the family, while not as good as in the best days of the shop, was adequate and much more secure; and as regards the future, there seemed to be an entire willingness to rely on the old-age provisions of a benevolent state rather than on the ownership of property—something which seemed to have become too precarious for people to trust in.

IT IS of course entirely uncertain how long this changed attitude towards property will continue. It is largely the result of the immediate perils of war, but it is also helped by the pressures of an unprecedented scale of taxation, which will continue long after the war is over. It is to be found in all ranks of society, but the change is most notable among the very rich, who are the most profoundly affected by this taxation. The state is now using for its own purposes a large proportion of the possessions of this class of the community. Country houses and estates have been taken over wholesale for the health and education services needed by the evacuated population. Nobody knows whether they will be returned after the war, nor what compensation will be paid for them if retained; and in any case they will be almost valueless for their original purposes because the whole manner of life which they represented will have come to an end.

The character in Maria Edgeworth's novel, whose motto was, "Some people talk of morality, and some of religion, but give me a little snug property," has pretty well disappeared in England. The reason is simple: property is no longer snug.



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Can You Guess Who Did It?

BY B. M. GREENE

Are you an armchair Hawkshaw?

Are you one of those who can spot the murderer in a detective story before the revelation in the last chapter?

If you are not (and you probably aren't), learn from Mr. Greene how to do it in one easy lesson.

ARE you a murder mystery addict? Are you a sucker for the game of murder, murder, who did the murder? Do you feel like a dumb cluck when you are sure you know who did it, only to find your choice in the author's second corpse? And do you feel a nitwit when your wife or husband as the case might be, asks you a number of times during the game, Who did it? Do you ask yourself, Who did it? with your mind darting from one suspect to the other and your fingers itching to turn to the last chapter?

If you peep, you are one of those who solved your school problems by looking up the answers; you cheat playing solitaire and you will never get to heaven. Why spend your good money to see a magician pull a rabbit out of a hat if you took an advance peep at the rabbit concealed in his cloak. The anticipation, forepleasure and the gradual heightening of tension makes for the joy of the final consummation.

If you want to spot the murderer before you are told in the last chapter (and who doesn't) here is an easy and sure-fire method. I don't care how you rate in deductive reasoning or how high or low your I.Q. happens to be. Just follow these simple rules and you can thumb your nose

at the Messrs. Stout, Queen, Reinhardt, Christie, Marsh, Ford, et al.

These practitioners who prescribe you doses of hashish in the form of murder mysteries are a clever, tricky, misleading, quintuple-dealing bunch of highbinders with fabulous incomes. Their incomes depend on their ability to keep you from spotting the murderer. They deliberately set out to mystify, bewilder, befuddle, exasperate and stupefy their readers. Their methods are very like the magician with his cloak, top-hat, wand and rabbit, who makes you look at everything but the actual location of the rabbit. The magician, as you know, does pull a rabbit out of his hat even if you do sometimes catch him in the act of transferring it from a pouch in his cloak. But the gentry who write thrillers are not always as successful. They sometimes pull out the rabbit, other times a lame duck and ever so often they drag forth a dead mouse for no good reason at all, at all.

AND now for my simple recipe of how to pot the rabbit before the mystifier drags him forth in the last chapter.

First a few don'ts or red lights to keep you from the traps set by the author. Beware of the scattered clues, guilty actions, peculiar antics, voluntary confessions and strong motives given to most of the characters. All this is just so much wand waving and mumbo-jumbo gibberish to keep you from spotting the rabbit. Watch the motives especially. They are snares and delusions set out by the author. Every suspect who didn't do it is furnished with a strong motive. The actual murderer you will find, did have a motive, but a hidden one about which the author said very little, if anything. The victim's father may have wronged the murderer's great aunt when she was a simple country girl.

And now for the green lights. You will discover the rabbit long before the hanging, frying or self destruction destined for him, by a simple process of elimination. Elimination as you know is good for whatever ails you, and believe me you are clogged up mentally. The murder mystery writers see to that. My prescription is merely an examination of the cast of characters for the purpose of elimination.

THE number one character who didn't do it is of course the amateur or semi-professional sleuth. He might be Big Fat Wolf, Two-in-One Queen, Pierrot the Great, Shy Primrose, Whimsical Knight Errant, somebody's nice old Grandmother or maiden lady Aunt, umbrella-carrying clergyman, rum-soaked newshound or hick sheriff. Let us call this character, Mastermind; the super-hero of the story who is not to be confused with the ordinary hero, about whom you will be told in his proper place.

Mastermind is the author's most valuable stock-in-trade, the one who does the solving. The author's sales and reputation depends on how well he draws his character and sells him to his public. Once established he would no more kill him off than he would burn up a million dollars worth of Government bonds in his penthouse fireplace. It just isn't being done. And what's more, Mastermind is usually the author himself, or as he would like to be, Mastermind goes on and on, like Tennyson's brook, to track the killer in the forthcoming book. Cross him off your list. He didn't do it.

The next on your list of those who didn't do it, is Mastermind's assistant. He might be a wise-cracking tough-egg who does the chores, stops an occasional bullet, (but never in a vital spot) takes a bad licking; gets himself into jams with the dumb District Attorney or the dumber homicide squad. He might be a stooge, a whipping boy or yes, even whose stupidity contrasts and brings out in greater brilliancy the scintillating facets of Mastermind's intellect. Or he might be a she who worships Mastermind and is in turn protected, honored and cared for from the Olympian heights in which Mastermind lives and has his being. You will have no trouble spotting this character. Wipe him or her off your slate. Assistants must remain in the play to live and clown another day.

THE next character who didn't do it is the hero. He is the stout fella who gets himself into the most trouble, has the strongest motive for murder and no alibi. He loves the heroine (though he may not know it) and marries her on the last page. If you cannot spot him in the first few chapters, I gave you some unfailing signs which mark a hero. If in a tense moment someone asks for a cigarette, the hero will fish out (not take out) a crumpled package of cigarettes and offer them. Now why the hero's cigarettes must always be crumpled, I don't know. But that is the way of it. Another unmistakable attribute of the hero is his ability to deliver one blow and knock the recipient into unconsciousness. You and I who have witnessed rough and tumble fighting in and out of the ring know that one punch doesn't do anything of the kind. But the hero in murder mysteries and in the movies does it with machine-like precision. Mark the hero off your list of suspects. He might outrage our sense of probability but he doesn't commit murder or he wouldn't be a hero.

And so we come to the heroine, who naturally goes after the hero. She is the gal with the best looks and figure. She might be rich or she might be poor; she might be modern or old-fashioned, but despite everything she is good and pure. She is in love with the hero and believes in him no matter how black the evidence or how near his posterior is to the hot spot. You should have

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Salvador Dalí, surrealist painter, beside his "Horrors of War".

...able spotting her for she usually calls for a fake telephone call, wire or note and gets herself snatched. Despite her terrific S.A. and the snatcher being that way about her, she retains her purity and is rescued in the nick of time by our hero. She doesn't even get nicked; that's the hell of it. She didn't do it. Cross her name from your list. She must be in at the end; alone with the hero under the witchery of the full moon for that long lingering kiss and betrothal.

UP TO this point our road to who did it has been smooth, wide and easy to negotiate. We have eliminated four major characters invariably found in most murder mysteries. From now on our way will be a little more difficult. But let us stick to our process of elimination and you will find it quite safe and sure.

The gentry who write these stories are not to give you a one-way ride in a blind alley. They switch you

off the highway by means of queer acting butlers with prison records, pretty alluring maids who do a spot of blackmailing, leering faces at windows, mysterious Orientals who pop in and out of doors, secretaries who loved or hated the late lamented with a frustrated frenzy, and other such small fry. They are all provided with opportunity and motive to commit the murder. But cross them all off your list. No self-respecting author would set Mastermind (the author behind whiskers and dark glasses) fishing to catch a minnow. Our murderer is a big fish. He must be cunning and clever enough to outwit and out-think everybody but Mastermind.

The next on your list for elimination is the character who has the strongest motive, the best opportunity, no alibi and against whom all the evidence points: with absolute certitude. This character if it isn't the hero, might be the beautiful young wife of a rich old meany; her lover who loves her as women are usually loved, or in that worshipful, strong, silent, devotional manner. Or it might be the business partner of the late meany who held a forged document over his partner's head. Cross this character off your list as quickly as possible before the author turns him into the second corpse and chuckles in his beard if he has a heaven.

MULTIPLE murders are now the vogue. The reason for the wholesale slaughter is a character or two or three or four who see, hear or smell something which menaces the murderer. But they never know what they know. It eludes them. Another reason is once having committed a murder the perpetrator makes a habit of it. What has he got to lose? He will be toasted to a turn as surely for one murder as he would for a dozen.

If anyone is a potential danger to the killer it is our Mastermind. He sees all, hears all, smells all, knows all and tells nothing. But does he stop a bullet? Is he fed rat-poison or used as a pin cushion? He is not. His life is charmed and he mustn't be harmed. He must be kept alive to instruct us about Egyptology, rare vintage wines, orchids, the Einstein theory and how to behave, dress and comport ourselves like nice little ladies and gentlemen. You and I might like to feed him a dose of a rare and little known poison for his supercilious, snobbish, overweening vanity and superiority. It just can't be done. The author won't allow it.

The next character for your blue pencil is he or she whom the dumb police or the nitwit District Attorney threaten to arrest or do arrest on a charge of murder. They are always mistaken. Mastermind turns the culprit over to the law in the last chapter. He either turns him over or graciously allows him to commit hari-kari. Rarely, oh rarely, does he act as the executioner. If and when he does, it is done in anguish of spirit and for the good of humanity. If we now take stock you will find most of the characters accounted for and blue penciled.

It is time for us to put the finger

on the murderer. You should find this as easy as giving candy to a baby. You will have left on your list a few characters who are very vague and colorless. One of them has been kept very much in the background. This one had the opportunity but no motive which you knew about. The tricky author will furnish it somehow out of the culprit's or his grandmother's dim and distant past. He or she did it. You can say, I told you so, and you will be right eight times out of ten.

THERE are a few variants to this stock pattern. If you want a higher batting average I give you the following few rules. If the hero takes a violent dislike to a character for no reason at all and floors him with a devastating wise-crack or with one blow of his piston-like right arm; the fellow who gets slapped down is your murderer. If the young wife of the rich old meany is grief-stricken and won't be consoled, if she is angelic, sweet and pure, and butter won't melt in her mouth up to the last chapter, she is your murderess. For in one paragraph in the last chapter she becomes a veritable she-devil and goes berserk. She strangles a few of the small fry characters and tries to make a get-away to join her lover. She never quite makes it though, because Mastermind never falls.

Yes, I like murder mysteries and I don't always know who did it before I'm told. But my batting average, while not perfect, is very good. And yours will be as good or better if you take my medicine. Try it.



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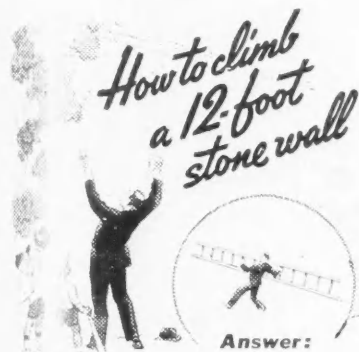
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THE terms of Mr. Meighen's acceptance of the Conservative leadership have revealed in a very clear light the nature of the strategy upon which the authors of the Meighen movement are relying, and which goes considerably further than was at first apparent. It is essentially a repetition of the strategy of 1917, and its design is to split off a sufficient fraction of the normal Liberal strength (first among the leaders of the party and members sitting in Parliament, and then among the rank-and-file voters), partly by considerations relating to the vigor of the war effort, and partly by considerations relating to the country's

railway problem, to ensure a popular vote against that party as soon as an election can be forced. The possibility of such an achievement, negligible in times of peace, becomes considerably greater in time of war, when the dependence of the party on

its solid Quebec support compels it to courses which many of its English-speaking members find it difficult to tolerate. Mr. Meighen has made it clear that

his party proposes to demand the enactment of compulsory selective service overseas. Mr. King has made it clear that without an express mandate from the electorate his party will not enact such a system. Mr. King has at present an immense ma-

jority in the House of Commons. It is difficult to see how Mr. Meighen could compel him to go to the country, unless he could detach a considerable number of Mr. King's following in the House—not necessarily enough to destroy Mr. King's majority, but enough to make it appear substantially doubtful whether Mr. King still enjoyed the support of the country at large. There has been however a sufficient growth of feeling in many parts of the country that conscription is urgently needed, to lend some color to the idea that the Liberal ranks might be considerably broken into if there were any prospect of the selective service law getting anywhere.

But unless the revolt among his followers becomes very extensive, it will still remain within Mr. King's power to call an election or to carry on without an election at his own choice. This factor, it seems to the present writer, makes the defection of any substantial number of Liberals extremely unlikely. Sitting members do not like unnecessary elections, and they know that Mr. King could throw them into an unnecessary election, on such a pretext, whenever he felt like it, and that he would do so at the moment, and in the conditions, which would be most favorable to his faithful followers and most disadvantageous to deserters.

THE authors of the present policy of the Conservative party, it seems to this writer, are attaching undue importance to the history of the conscriptionist revolt from Liberalism and the formation of the Union Government in 1917. The situation at that time was different in many fundamental respects. One of these was the fact that the wastage in the Canadian troops, during the long period of stationary warfare, was exceedingly heavy, and the need for replacements was urgent and clearly visible; the only question was whether conscription was an efficient method of providing it. But even with this advantage Sir Robert Borden would have had no chance of detaching enough Liberals from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to make him sure of winning an election on the conscription issue, if he had not had certain other and very important cards in his hand. One of these was the long standing disagreement between the Liberals and Sir Clifford Sifton, which dated back to the establishment of separate schools in the newly constituted prairie provinces. But the overwhelming advantage which practically guaranteed the ability of the conscriptionists to win the election, and therefore made it easy for the dissenting Liberals to come over to their camp, was the fact that they were already in control of the government and could manipulate the franchise as they wished. The War Election Act, of which Mr. Meighen was the author, conferred the franchise upon women relatives of members of the armed forces, withdrew it from a considerable number of naturalized aliens, and authorized the Chief Returning Officer to distribute the soldiers' vote among the constituencies at his own discretion. With these instruments at the Government's disposal the result, even with a solid Quebec against it, was not in great doubt.

THE difference between this and the present situation is obvious at a glance. In the first place, the Liberal party is in power and not in opposition. To this must be added the fact that on the basis of the constitutional theory which was apparently consecrated by the victory of Mr. King in 1926, the Liberal Government will remain in power until the holding of a general election, no matter what may be the change of opinion in the House of Commons itself. It is true that there arises here an interesting possibility. Mr. Meighen presumably still holds the constitutional view which he held in 1926, that the Governor General is entitled to disregard his Government's recommendation for a dissolution, if there appears to be another party in the House capable of carrying on the government. It is possible that in spite of the 1926 election Mr. Meighen may calculate that if he can obtain a majority in the present House of Commons he might induce

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

The New Conservative Strategy

BY B. K. SANDWELL

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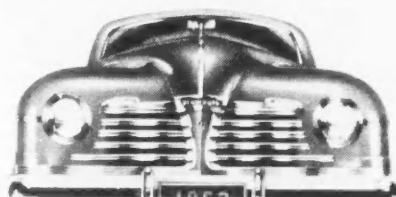
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Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen who last week accepted the leadership of the Conservative Party upon the unanimous invitation of a conference of Conservative delegates which represented all sections of Canada. In a statement issued to a special three-man Conservative committee, the new leader made a strong plea for conscription, saying: "Our present methods are illogical, cruelly unjust and tragically inefficient. I shall, therefore, urge with all the power I can bring to bear compulsory selective service over the whole field of war . . . We can have one great object, and one only—to reinspire and reinvigorate the war effort . . ."

—Photograph by "Jay".

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET YOUR NEXT PAY CHEQUE

How a new and different budget plan
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WAR affects everybody's pocket-book. You earn more. But your pay cheque just doesn't seem to go as far as it used to.

This new spending plan may be the answer. It's built on a very simple discovery. Many families prosper through good times and bad. Yet they deny that they "budget." How do they do it? We decided to find out. We found that they *do* plan. It's only in their minds, how they are going to spend their income *before* they spend it.

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Present Spending—to crowd out the others. It will keep you from using so much for everyday living that you can save nothing for the future.

Saving for the future is perhaps even more important today than in peacetimes. Every dollar you save will increase your reserve for unforeseen emergencies ahead, will give you more to spend for daily needs or little luxuries after the war.

Planned spending will also help you limit your buying to essentials. The less we buy for our personal use the more our factories can produce for war and for victory.

To help you plan your spending, Household Finance has just published The Budget Calendar. This helpful booklet makes budgeting easy and simple. No tedious bookkeeping is required. The Calendar contains a supply of "plan sheets" for every pay day in the year. You are invited to write for a free copy of The Budget Calendar without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

Planned family spending can help win the war

Soldiers alone don't win wars. They need the help of the folks back home. Every citizen has his war duties. One of these is the duty of keeping his money affairs in order. No family—just as no nation—is strong whose finances are weak.

Thoughtless spending has no place today. This is a time to buy only what one really needs—and to borrow only to consolidate pressing debts or to meet some real emergency. Family debts should be paid up as rapidly as possible—to reduce interest charges and to preserve the borrower's credit for future emergencies. We hope that this message to encourage home money management will contribute to greater family financial strength and a greater war effort.

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the Earl of Athlone to refuse Mr. King's advice to dissolve Parliament, and to call on him, Mr. Meighen, to form a government. This question is probably academic, because it appears unlikely that Mr. Meighen could ever, even on the combined issues of compulsory service and a solution of the railway problem, obtain a majority of the present House; but if he were able to come somewhere near that achievement, the swinging over of the rest of the necessary majority would be made vastly easier if it could be established that the new Government would be in control of the electoral machinery before the elections were held.

ALL this, it must be added, appears highly improbable. It is not likely that even if he enjoyed all the advantages which have just been mentioned, Mr. Meighen could deprive Mr. King of his present control of a majority in the House of Commons. There is, so far as is known, no resentful element in the present Liberal following waiting for a chance to break away whenever there is a prospect of success. (Admittedly there is a considerable element which dislikes the rather large amount of veto power exercised by the Quebec delegation over the party's policies.) In addition, twenty-four years have elapsed since 1917, and in that period there has been a tremendous change in the racial character of the Canadian electorate. It has been increased by the votes of all adult women in the country, and by a substantial increase in population, which increase has been predominantly in the non-Anglo-Saxon category. The female vote on the subject of conscription may be a matter of conjecture, but taken in the mass it seems hardly likely that it would be more favorable to it than the male vote taken separately. The non-Anglo-Saxon vote is unquestionably less favorable to conscription than the Anglo-Saxon. The prospect of winning a general election on the conscription issue, without previously getting hold of the electoral machinery and purging the lists would therefore seem to be very much smaller than it was in 1917.

IT MUST be remembered also that Mr. King is not required, by his political theories, to go to the country on a platform of straight voluntary service. He is committed to voluntary service only so long as he remains in power as a result of the 1940 election. In that election the Conservative party itself ran on a platform of voluntary service, and there were no candidates advocating conscription. But the moment the Opposition enunciates a definite scheme of compulsory service and Mr. Meighen can hardly demand a dissolution of Parliament on a mere profession of faith in compulsory service as an undefined phrase, without giving any details of what he proposes. Mr. King will be free to come out with another version which can equally be described as compulsory service, but which will appear slightly less onerous to the people of Quebec.

It is perfectly possible to argue that it was Dr. Manion and the Conservatives who compelled the Liberal party to uphold voluntary service in 1940; and by the same token a definite commitment by the Conservative party to a definite kind of compulsory service might be held to compel the Liberal party to adopt some other kind. There is no constitutional requirement that one or other political party should stand out for voluntary service in a general election. The argument that compulsory service is now impossible because all parties pronounced against it in the election of 1940 must mean that voluntary service would become impossible if all parties pronounced against it in the election of 1942—or if a single party, composed almost entirely of Quebec Nationalists with possibly a few western constituencies with a large "foreign" vote, pronounced for it but obtained only a small minority of the seats in the House of Commons.

THE Conservative tactics must obviously consist in trying to drive a wedge between the compulsory service and the anti-compulsory service elements of the Liberal party. If the

Conservatives are to obtain any share in the government themselves, this wedge must be driven somewhere near the middle of the Liberal party. It will not be enough to detach a few conscriptionists at one end or a few anti-conscriptionists at the other. Mr. King has the choice of the policy upon which he will elect to hold as much as possible of his enormous majority together. He may be able to prevent any wedge-driving at all; or he may be able to hold the conscriptionist part of his following to a voluntary service policy

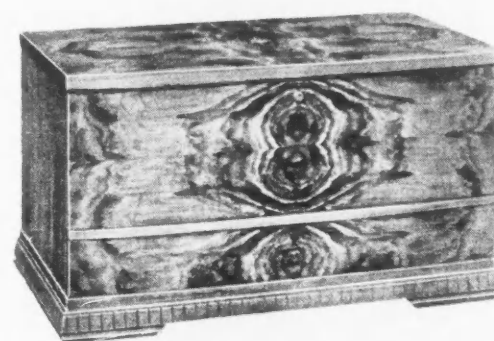
by arguing that conscription, however desirable, cannot win at the polls; or he may be able to hold his French-Canadian following to a moderate compulsory service policy by arguing that this is more tolerable for them than a stricter compulsory service policy operated by Mr. Meighen. The Quebec elector is a practical person; he does not vote for principles in a vacuum, but for the more tolerable of two possible contingencies in a practical situation. The 1911 election is not a guide in this instance.



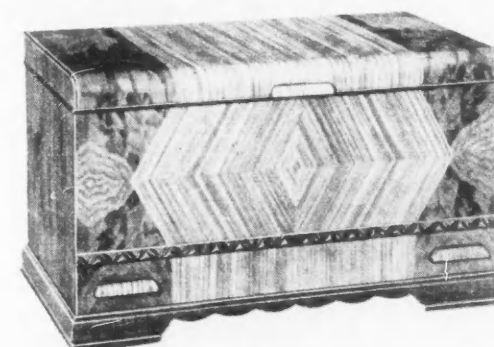
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about recreation? Life has changed here. Going to the movies is still the No. 1 national recreation and there are still plenty of movies to go to. Films haven't been rationed. Right now the critics are crazy over "Citizen Kane" and "The Forty-Ninth Parallel," a picture of Canada which the Ministry of Information helped finance. "Meet John Doe" with Gary Cooper and Bette Davis in "The Great Lie" are playing to crowded houses. The last Max Brothers picture has been a success.

Something of a revival has taken place in the theatre world. This time last year, only five plays were on in

London's West End. Today there are seventeen on, and more in rehearsal. What people want now is a good laugh, so they're mostly comedies or revues. Noel Coward's comedy "Blithe Spirit," which pokes malicious fun at the spiritualists, is a big hit. An intimate and funny revue called "Rise Above It" is drawing the biggest crowds. The creepy murder-play which did well in New York, "Ladies in Retirement," is having a long run. And soon we are to see the Broadway hit "The Man Who Came to Dinner"—it's scheduled for a London production this winter.

But it's in the Provinces—the cities outside London—that the theatre is

enjoying its real boom. Several first-class companies, with the top-notch West End actors, are on tour and doing great business. But, of course, many of the younger actors have been called up, and many of the others are playing nowadays only to the troops and in the war factories, under the auspices of ENSA, the body which takes entertainment to the Forces and the war-workers.

Book Troubles

The Book World is in trouble. This time it's rationing again—of paper. Demand for books has gone up with a run, jump and skip. That's partly

the blacked out evenings, and partly the fact that books are practically the only thing left to give as presents, since clothes and food were rationed and luxury articles started to disappear. But the publishers can't keep pace with it. Their supplies of paper are cut right down. More than that, skilled men have left the printing and binding trades in such numbers that books get hung up endlessly in the production stage.

The result is you can rarely get a book when you want it. Your name goes on a waiting list, and you wait. Example is Shirer's "Berlin Diary," just published. I tried all the book-stores I know last week and failed to

get a copy. It's sold out and they don't know when the new copies will be coming along.

Best-seller in the fiction class is Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "Frenchman's Creek". But we are short on good books. The authors are too busy doing other things, maybe. So if you have friends in England to whom you want to send Christmas presents, and if the food restrictions bother you too much here's a tip: books will be welcome. Especially good, well-constructed, vivid fiction, which (like butter) is scarce these days.

The Home Front

To get back to our Mrs. Smith and her troubles—here are some of them. If her kettle wears out she can't get a new one: kitchen utensils of all kinds are practically off the market. So are all sorts of odd things—small, unimportant, but sometimes difficult to get along without. Examples: watches, alarm clocks, paper clips, hairpins, radios, knives, soap flakes, saucepan cleaners, scales, cameras, leather handbags.

Gasoline, as you know, is rationed. This month (October) the ration is cut in half. This means that for the ordinary small English car, which is generally 10 or 12 horsepower, you get two-and-a-half gallons of gas to last you the whole month. You can imagine how seldom the car comes out of the garage on that!

Girls are getting worried about their permanent waves. It is getting harder to get the chemicals and most hairdressers have to ration themselves to so many "perms" a week. This means that a girl may have to book up an appointment a month or even more in advance. Pretty soon it will mean that she can't get a wave at all.

Metal for lipstick cases is no longer available and pretty soon lipstick sticks will be off the market, though it will still be possible to have your

BACK STREET

BAFBERRY, snowball and white spirea
No one remembers when the street was young,
No one remembers when the spindling porch
In wild cucumber and nasturtium hung
Long since the sparrows stole away
The string
That bore those pleasant vines, and
From the last
Struggle of cedar hedge the hot sun
draws
A wall of incense conjuring the past
In full luxuriance of stem and leaf
The burdock, despot of the back
street, thrives,
And nearer flaunts itself inside the
one
Pale-winged homoxanth, that
survives
Sad little row, I wish I had not seen
Improbably, the street you may have
been.

LEONARD A. PRATT

own case refilled for the time being. Skin food, face cream, rouge, powder are very hard to come by, impossible to get.

Silk stockings have almost gone from the shops. People are wearing cotton instead and economizing on those. (A pair of stockings costs two coupons.) Most people are mending all right on their coupons, but it is hard on those with growing children. In this case, young Tommie takes most of the coupons and Mame goes without her new coat.

The newspapers look queer. They're down to a single double sheet. Everything is very potted, many of the old familiar features are left out. (Many shops advertise now for old newspapers—they can't get the paper to wrap up their packages in.) Nowadays, you take away all your purchases, except things like meat and fish, without a wrapping. Advertisements are even queerer. Instead of asking you to buy the product, they ask you to buy less of it! The beer vendors, for instance, appeal: "Only one glass, leave the rest for others." And cigarette folk: "Don't hoard our brand." A queer change!

11th Birthday Party

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One can will put a lot of peas on the plates of four or five people. Green Giant Brand Peas are "society" peas at "just folks" prices.

Look for the Green Giant's 11th Birthday Display at your grocer's now

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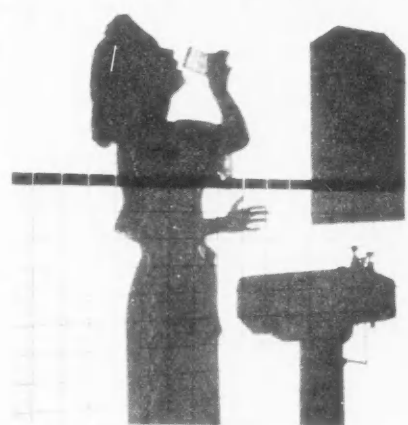
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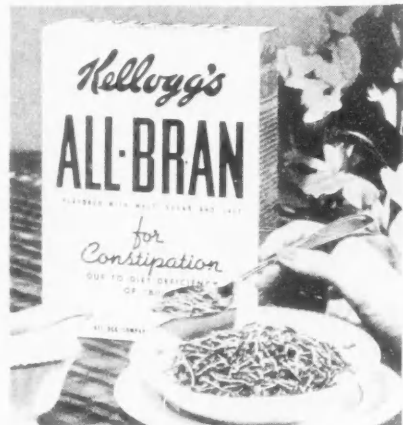
PULLING HARD FOR NOWHERE! It won't take you long to guess that this stands for the old "dosing" way of fighting constipation. No matter how hard you pull on the oars, you don't get ahead. In like manner, people seldom make much progress against constipation—not until they get at the cause and correct it.



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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

The Trumpets Falter In Their Sound

VOICES OF VICTORY. Macmillan. \$1.50.

THE SUBTITLE of this volume is *Representative Poetry of Canada in Wartime* and a passage from the Foreword reads: "This volume . . . was conceived and brought to fruition that it might make utterance for this Dominion. Two objectives have been paramount: one, to contribute whatever the proceeds from its sales may be, to the Canadian Red Cross British Bomb Victims' Fund; the other, to let the poetic genius of Canada and the Canadian people sound a spiritual challenge to the brutality of enemy despots and tyrants. 'Where goes a song, goes a spirit that no power of darkness can enslave!'" Well, the poetic genius of Canada and the Canadian people (how do these two differ, bye the bye?) has sounded its challenge and, to be perfectly honest, it is not going to cause enemy despots and tyrants very much worry.

The matter inside the book does not justify the somewhat portentous manner of the Foreword; the songs which have been called forth by the contest sponsored by the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors' Association have considerable merit and are indigenous to this country, but it would be unwise to match them against the powers of darkness. It would be dishonest and unfair to the cause of poetry in this land to pretend that this volume is any very significant addition to its literature.

The poem which won First Prize is *Recompense* by Agnes Aston Hill, an interesting but labored and unduly ornamented piece. Second Prize goes to Isobel McFadden for a more pretentious poem, *Canadian Crusade*, which ends with an unfortunate reminiscence of Blake. Carol Coates Cassidy takes Third Prize with a stronger but somewhat clouded and wordy poem called *Chosen of Men*.

The judges doubtless had their own excellent reasons for choosing these from the 766 entries; among the twenty who received honorable mention Hermia Harris Fraser is to be congratulated on *French Tapestry*, Helen E. Ross on the deeply felt *Resurrection* and Margaret Gould on the charming and sensitive *The Angel*. But it is doubtful if Canadian poets will ever sing these songs at their work, as Venetian gondoliers are said to have sung the songs of Tasso.

Fortunately for this book, a number of Canadian poets have consented to the publication of recent work of theirs in the second half of it. These verses by A. M. Stephen, Duncan Campbell Scott, E. J. Pratt, Sister Maura, George Herbert Clarke and Nathaniel A. Benson, to name a few, are worth a dollar and a half of anybody's money, and you are reminded that the proceeds from the sale of this book go to the British Bomb Victims' Fund.

Canadian Point of View

INTO THE BLITZ, by William Strange. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THIS book deserves the careful attention of the Canadian public, for it is the first of its kind to be written by a Canadian. We have had books written by British authors on their own threatened soil, and they have awakened our sympathies; we have had books written by American observers in Britain, and we have relied heavily upon these for clear and objective opinion on British morale and British resistance. But in Mr. Strange's book we have the Canadian view, which is at once objective and yet intimately concerned with the fate of the British people; most Americans look upon the British as friends, but most Canadians look upon them as kinsmen. The difference is real, though subtle. William Strange is familiar to

Canadians as a writer, particularly of material for broadcasting. As a representative of the C.B.C. he visited Britain in the Spring of this year, and *Into The Blitz* is a record of what he saw there and of the impressions which he received. There is nothing particularly new in the book; Mr. Strange has no astonishing revelations to make, but it is full of interest all the same, for the author has told us, as a Canadian, what we, as Canadians, want to know about the condition, physical and spiritual, of the Mother Country. The job was well worth doing

and Mr. Strange has done it very ably; he deserves our thanks.

Much of the material which Mr. Strange has already used in his broadcast dramas of life in Britain during the air blitz is expanded in this volume, and the personal anecdotes are extremely well employed to emphasize the main points of his story. The proceeds from the sale of this book are to go to the Navy League of Canada, an excellent cause, so if you buy a copy you will confer a double benefit—one upon the Navy League, and the other upon yourself.

Much Too Modest

HOW YOUNG YOU LOOK, by Peggy Wood. Oxford. \$3.00.

MISS WOOD has given this account of her life the misleading subtitle, *Memoirs of A Middle-Sized Actress*; she explains that by this she means that she is neither a failure in her art, nor is she a Duse or an Ellen Terry. Such modesty is commendable, but we shall hardly accept the delightful star of so many musical shows, and one of the best Candidas living as merely "middle-sized". We know that she is a first-rate actress, and that is all there is to it.

Peggy Wood has a faculty for expression in words which is rare in members of her profession, who are apt to gush without saying anything. She has some of the tricks of the reminiscent player; she overestimates the importance of many a manager and author, she misquotes, and she rhapsodizes without being able to impart her ecstasy to her readers. But on the whole she writes well, and is unusually successful and frank in her revelations of her heart and mind. She is obviously an artist of unusual quality, and this is as apparent in her writing as in her acting, although she is technically accomplished in the one and is guided only by nature in the other.

Theatrical memoirs are rarely valuable if they are made to stand alone; they must be related to what other actors have written if they are to reveal their true stature. Tested thus, Peggy Wood's book is a valuable and pleasant addition to the history of the stage during the past twenty-five years; it is also a charming record of the life of one of the best and most intelligent actresses of that period.

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THE BOOKSHELF

To Be Read For Pleasure

THE six novels reviewed in this article have been placed in one group because they have one important characteristic in common; they have been written only to give pleasure, to amuse and divert the reader, and in this laudable aim all six are unusually successful. Each one is good of its kind, although the kinds are very different, ranging from the consciously artistic work of Thomas Wolfe to the slick and accomplished magazine writing of Edna Ferber. But none of these attempts to instruct or edify the reader, and readers will doubtless show their appreciation of this mercy by buying these books in preference to others of a more determinedly salutary nature.

THE first of this group is a brief, excellent tale by John Masefield, called *Conquer* (Macmillan, \$2.25). The Poet Laureate is one of the best story tellers and prose writers now living, and this is a fine example of his art. It tells of a rebellion in Byzantium in the reign of the Emperor Justinian and his consort Theodora, when, for a week, rioters attempted

to overthrow the dynasty. The author denies that the story is meant to have any modern application, but it is brilliantly timely for all that. *Conquer* is a magnificent piece of work, short enough to be read in a single evening; it is highly recommended to everyone, for it will please the most widely divergent tastes.

THE last fragments which we are to have from the pen of Thomas Wolfe have been published in *The Hills Beyond* (Mussion, \$2.75) and we may be grateful for them, for some of these isolated sketches may stand with his best work. The first story in the book, called "The Lost Boy," is one of his understanding studies of life in a small town, and it is worth buying the volume for this alone. But there are other good things. The "Portrait of A Literary Critic" and "The Lion At Morning" are brilliant, and the ten chapters of the title story give us some notion of what Wolfe might have written if he had reached middle life. It is unfortunate that the foolish and bitter attack on the Irish, called "On Lepre-

chauns" should have been made public; Wolfe had a childish and stupid side, but there is no need to parade it after he ceased to do so for himself. If you admire the best in modern American writing you should have this book.

THE first prize winner in the Latin-American Prize Novel Contest is *Ciro Alegria of Chile* and his book is *Broad And Alien Is The World* (Oxford, \$3.00). In spite of the fact that it is a prize-winner, and the somewhat affected flavor of the title, this is a fine book. The author writes of village life in his native Peru. The simple folk of the village of Rumi are victimized by Don Alvaro Aménabar, a wealthy landowner who tries to swindle them with a claim that he owns the land upon which Rumi is built. The story is of the heroic resistance of the villagers, under their mayor, Rosendo Maqui, to this outrageous extortioner. The tale is deeply moving and has been given an excellent English form by Harriet de Onis.

A VERY different sort of village life is described in *Phoenix In East Hadley*, by Maurice B. Cramer (Thomas Allen, \$3.00). Mrs. Luella Pickering is a citizen of the Massachusetts village of East Hadley, and preserves in herself many aspects of New England culture, especially a sturdy belief in the resurrection of the body. She suffers many humiliations in defence of this doctrine, but when a missionary friend sends her a crate of three phoenixes from China she is able to prove her point in a spectacular manner. The author is Professor of English at the University of Tampa, Florida, and this is his first novel. It is written with a care for style which cannot be too highly praised. If Mr. Cramer will try his hand at a somewhat larger theme next time he may easily turn out to be a novelist of considerable importance in the American field, which is not overstocked with stylists.

IT IS refreshing to come upon a romantic novel in which the hero is not young and cretinous in his approach to women. William McFee supplies such a delicacy in *Spence In Arcady* (Macmillan, \$3.00). Spence is a retired naval engineer, bearded, crusty and original, who settles on a small farm in New England, and shortly finds himself engaged in an affair with the wife of a wealthy novelist who lives nearby. The manner in which this fifty-five years old philosopher deals with the situation is entirely admirable and makes excellent entertainment. Mr. McFee is one of the few popular novelists who is not afraid to endow his characters with intelligence.

FINALLY there is the latest novel by Edna Ferber, which her fans will enjoy. *Saratoga Trunk* appeared originally in *Cosmopolitan* and it has all the virtues and vices of a serial story. The action is rapid and interesting, and the characterization is vivid, if superficial. There is much matter which the *New Yorker* might publish in its "Infatuation With Sound Of Own Words Department," but the story, which concerns the building of a railway in the 80's, and the love affair of Clio Dulaine and Clint Maroon, is as good as either *Show Boat* or *Cimarron* and should enjoy an equal success. McClelland & Stewart publish this book, and the price is \$3.00.

THERE they are; six books which are written only to please you, and what better purpose has fiction ever had? Every one is good of its kind and from the six you should be able to find something, not only for yourself, but for your Christmas list.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

THE price notation on our copy of Macmillan's edition of three famous crime stories is \$2.89, which may be a misprint for \$2.88, for all we know. But really the price is not important, for here we have three of the best detective stories of modern times. *Before the Fact*, by Francis Iles; *Trent's Last Case*, by E. C. Bentley; and *The House of the Arrow*, by

A. E. W. Mason. We were interested to learn from the publisher's note that the Mason book was first called to his attention by Havelock Ellis who thought it one of the best two detective stories ever written. The other was *At the Villa Rose*, by the same author, our own favorite. *Before the Fact* is not a detective story, but a hair raising study in crime and cruelty. Our own preference is for the same author's *Malice Aforethought*. It is not necessary to say anything about *Trent's Last Case* which is a classic. No library of crime stories would be complete lacking any of these books, and here they are in a single volume at slightly more than the price of one. . . . The

Case of the Empty Tin, by Erle Stanley Gardner (McClelland and Stewart, \$2.35) differs from most other Perry Mason stories in that there is no sensational court room scene. Here Mason acts not so much like a lawyer as a detective and is just as stirring. We do not think there is another writer of crime stories today who provides such continuous excitement as Erle Stanley Gardner. . . . *Dr. Toby Finds Murder*, by Sturges Mason Schley (Macmillan, \$2.50) is the story of a psychologist who has a habit of becoming involved in murder mysteries, and solving them by psychological methods. This is unusual and fast moving, and recommended.

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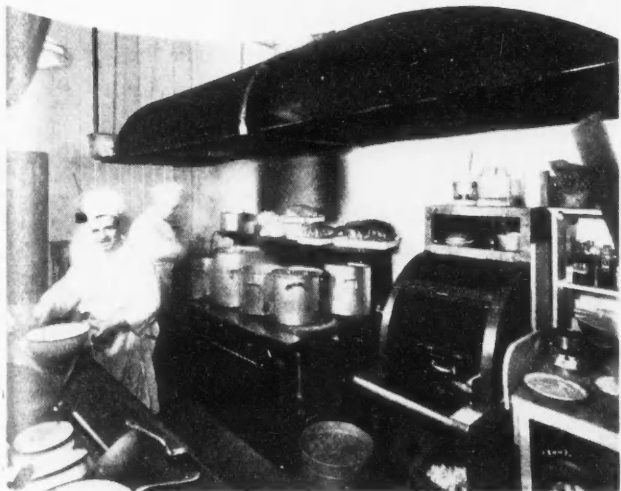
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WORLD OF WOMEN

There'll Always be a Christmas

WHETHER it be in the icy regions of the Arctic or in the heat of tropical sunshine, the coming Christmas, 1941, will be duly celebrated by British soldiers; they will give to it a spiritual significance as of old, and under its benign influence some of the grimness of war will vanish.

BY ETHEL E. PACE

As early as 1757, the defenders of our Indian Empire paused to celebrate Christmas at a huge banquet which was given by Lord Clive, the Commander of British forces in India. Well-laden tables contained

beef, mutton, turkeys, plum-puddings, and wines that had travelled twenty miles a day on a camel's back. There was also ale from Glasgow, porter from London and Dublin.

In Abyssinia in 1867, British soldiers kept Christmas with the thermometer at seventy-five degrees in the shade. In South Africa the British soldiers and sailors observed the Christmas festival during the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking and greetings were exchanged with the enemy.

Khyber Christmas

In the Khyber Pass earlier than 1885 Christmas Day began with a Church Parade in the very early morning. Bugles summoned the British troops to a plain from whence officers and men marched to the strains of "Home Sweet Home" from a regimental band. Their destination was a street some distance away where there was a surprise in store for them. In front of the quarters of Sir Sam Brown, their chief, and his staff, a feast was laid that could not have been surpassed in the homeland. It developed into a jovial, rollicking affair. An abundance of good old English food made up for a deficiency of plate and table-linen. Toasts were drunk to the "Queen," to "Absent Friends," and to their host, "Sir Sam Brown." The festivities closed with a giant camp-fire where gay songs filled the air, then were gradually replaced by more familiar, homely strains that brought tears to many eyes and an eloquent silence to the lips.

Quite amazing tales have been told of incidents in the trenches during Christmas 1914-18. Soldiers seemingly forgot for the time that they were enemies and a Christmas truce proved the power of the simple, ancient story of the manger.

An officer in the Scots Guards, writing home to his mother in England, described how the soldiers stood to arms at 6.30 A.M. on Dec. 25th. There was not much shooting and by 8.30 A.M. there was no shooting at all. Suddenly four Germans approached from their trenches. He told two of his men to go out and meet them unarmed as the Germans were unarmed, and to see that they did not pass the half-way line. His men hesitated so the officer went out to meet them himself, picking up a young ensign on the way. The Germans were then getting so near the British lines that he commanded them to move back. Their spokesman, after giving a Christmas greeting, appealed to him to keep the Christmas truce, which he gladly consented to do. In half an hour there was an exchange of Albany cigarettes and German cigars, followed by a lusty burst of song from a German N.C.O. which was taken up by all and both trenches rang with the joyous strains of "Good King Wenceslaus," "The Boys of Bonnie Scotland" and lastly "Auld Lang Syne," from the throats of English, Scots, Irish, Prussians, Wurttembergers and others.

Not With This Enemy

During the Christmas weekend of 1939 the weather on the Western front was bitterly cold with a heavy fall of snow over the entire area. British troops in the Maginot line, in contact with the enemy, and in lands of the allied peoples, paused to listen to messages from H.M. the King and from the French premier. In the Siegfried Line a Christmas party was tendered General von Brauchitsch on the occasion of his visit to the German troops. His radio broadcast, scarcely in the spirit of Christmas, declared that peace-loving Germany had been driven to war because England and France were bent on her destruction. The recent German invasion of Poland and the attack on Finland by the Soviet Union made Christmas Day, 1939, one

of suffering over an extensive area and truces were not so marked.

On Christmas Day 1940, bombing raids were suspended by the British, though the Italians made a particularly dastardly one on the island of Corfu. German surface raiders also attacked convoys in the North Atlantic but German aircraft ceased their raids for a time.

Meanwhile, throughout London, on Dec. 25th 1940, talented refugees did their best to help their British hosts with holiday entertainments. German refugees put on an nativity play that was performed entirely by non-Aryans who were Christians. Festivities were carried on even in the bomb-shelters where plays were produced and feasts were in progress.

Intimates of Their Majesties received Christmas cards in which the King and Queen were seen standing in front of the bombed portion of Buckingham Palace. It is said that Queen Mary's greeting card touched all with its usual simplicity—a peaceful scene of an English home and garden and the words, "There'll always be an England!"

Hitler's Card

In marked contrast was Hitler's card, featuring the ever-present menace of war—a photograph of the Winged Victory of Samothrace which German troops took from the Louvre in Paris. It now stands in the Berlin office of Adolph Hitler along with a copy of the dictator's card which shows a flight of German bombers and fighter aircraft. The words "A Merry Christmas" are replaced by those of "To Our Winged Victory Recipients." They included Il Duce, El

Audillo, Rumania's Antonescu and others.

Here in our peaceful Canada let us give thanks that there has been no destruction of things that are dear to us; no grief occasioned by the loss of familiar landmarks and beautiful Christmas symbols that mean so much in our lives and in the human history of our country. For in Europe one of the most tragic things to the masses, this Christmas, will be the vanished church towers with their bells. Living, sentient things, their dedication has been almost like a human baptism. The peasant is born, grows up, lives his life out and finally is laid away to the music of the ancient church bells. The stately chimes of Flanders cathedrals are long since silent; they lie broken and buried among the dust and ash of ruins. The poet, Haec, once expressed their music thus: "The wind that sweeps over her fertile valleys is full of broken, melodious whispers." Then there were the famous bells of Ypres in the town square, which were destroyed in the World War 1914-1918; in 1939-40 the bells of Warsaw, and of more recent date the famous Carillon of Rotterdam and other beautiful chimes; and lastly, dear to many Canadians, the bells of London, Plymouth, Coventry and other British cities.

May the bells of Moscow, so vividly depicted in the music of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky and others, be spared to ring a joyous peal of victory this coming Christmas, and to commemorate once more the advent of the world's greatest Personality of all time, thus proving the power of that humble birth in Bethlehem to triumph over wrong.

"Heaven-Sent"

Helena Rubinstein

Drain like your Autumn smartness with Heaven-Sent... a heavenly new triumph in fragrance by Helena Rubinstein. Perfect accent for more formal dates, for fine and precious hair, for the Autumn bride or her attendants. Heaven-Sent gives you this softening sequence in scent.

HEAVEN-SENT COLOGNE—To wrap you in sweetness... fragrant, lasting.

HEAVEN-SENT BODY POWDER—soft as an angel's wing.

HEAVEN-SENT BATH OIL—sweet, celestial vapour for your tub.

HEAVEN-SENT SOAP—in cloud makes for a creamy, luxurious lather.

Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO
CANADA NEW YORK SYDNEY

At Doreen's TROUSSEAU TEA

Says Betty...

"What's the idea Doreen? Here's a bottle of Campana's along with all your honeymoon finery."

DOREEN: "Campana's Balm is my good-luck talisman. If I hadn't had this lotion I might not be going on my honeymoon!"

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The woman who wins her man is certain she has the soft, well-groomed hands men admire. That's why thousands of romance-minded girls use Campana's right at the start. Campana's keeps the hands soft and smooth. Protects against chapping and roughness. To make your hands as soft and lovely as your lips, use Campana's Italian Balm.

NOW...there are two kinds of Campana's Italian Balm

Some skins are more sensitive. Some hands are exposed more. Weather and work affect hands differently, too. So now there are TWO Campana's. The familiar extra rich "ORIGINAL" and the new, lighter "IMPROVED". One of these TWO Campana's will suit your hands best. Campana's Balm softens as it protects. Acts fast—lasts long. 18c, 25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

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SWEATERS
INDIVIDUAL AND TWIN SETS IN
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TWEEDS
ENGLISH FELT HATS, TOP COATS
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TORONTO

WORLD OF WOMEN

About That Christmas List

BY BERNICE COFFEY

HERE we are adding our voice to the urgent chorus warning of the diminishing number of shopping days before Christmas. Every year it's prudent to get the job over with early, but this year the "Do Your Shopping Early" slogan holds a more solemn warning than ever before.

It is possible that the stores' stocks may not be as extensive or hold out as long as in other years. Ergo, the early shopper will be rewarded, and the late shopper may be left holding the bag—probably an empty one. This column and those of several following weeks will be devoted to gift suggestions. We hope you'll heed a gypsy's warning after checking the following things against the names on your list.

Musée de Noël

Among the readers of this column there may be a few unquenchable extroverts to whom crowds of Christmas shoppers offer an exhilarating challenge. These few probably would resent bitterly any suggestion to ease their lot. We gladly leave them to their fate. However, those of gentler fibre who dread the wear and tear on both feet and disposition brought on by a bout of Christmas buying will do well to bear in mind the address of Musée de Noël, "the shop that sells nothing." It's the work of the West End Creche and replaces the large Charity Ball which usually takes place later in the season, but won't this year.

Here in this shop one finds gathered for them in one spot some of the 450 to 500 objects one usually spends hours searching for. Gifts for everybody not forgetting all the small etceteras such as wreaths, Christmas cards, wrapping paper, ribbons, seals and tags, have been selected as samples from some forty to fifty shops all over the city from which to make a selection. Just to give you an idea we might mention that the articles are priced from a lowly fifteen cents and soar all the way up to the more lordly sum of fifteen dollars.

Every article is clearly marked with the name of the shop where it may be purchased as well as the telephone number and stock identification. All one has to do is look about, take note of what appeals, and then order it from the shop from which it comes. That's all there is to it—and if you know of any easier way of doing the Christmas shopping chores we wish you would tell us about it.

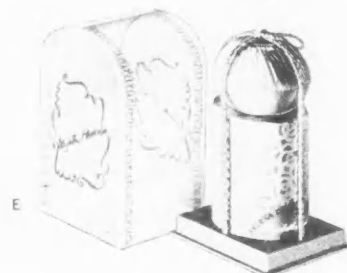
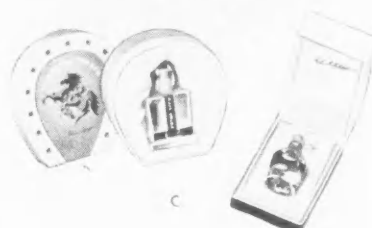
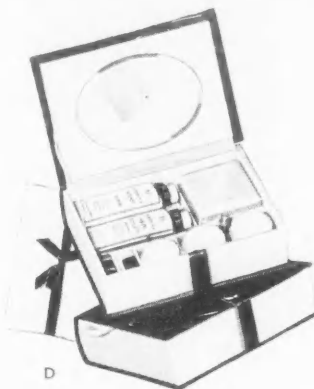
The address of Musée de Noël is the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, where you'll find it established in one of the shops facing on King Street. It's to be open from November 21 to December 6 (evenings, too, during the last week), and Mrs. Brooks Gossage and Mrs. Eric Ryerson are in charge of the venture.

Zoo's Zoo

At the Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's), happy hunting ground for those in search of unusual and beautiful one-of-a-kind gifts, they've managed to corral a whole zoo of unusual animals such as the wildebeeste, kangaroo, lion, zebra, giraffe, camel, llama, rhinoceros, oryx, okapi, and so on and so on. These are hand-carved in wood and then painted, and come from England, although the character of the work is so European in feeling we suspect these pieces to be the handiwork of skilled artist refugees from the Continent finding sanctuary in England. The animals are done with such fidelity that one or more might well form the nucleus of an animal collection for the lad who fancies himself either as a zoologist or a big game hunter in the African jungle. The animals range in price from sixty-five cents to \$2.50.

Those who prefer the more domesticated varieties of animal life, will be won over by the "Dog Show." This has no less than twelve dogs, of hand-carved wood, representing as many breeds. Each is in his own white stall (although he can be lifted out), and just to give the whole thing the final touch of authenticity, there's a woman attendant garbed in a white over-all smock

Elizabeth Arden Suggests



A. CHRISTMAS STOCKING—in transparent box—with 1 dram Blue Grass Perfume \$2.25; with 2 dram Sprinkler Blue Grass Perfume \$4.00

B. ELIZABETH ARDEN MERRY CHRISTMAS SLEIGH—sleigh with large bottle Blue Grass Perfume and Blue Grass Sachet Pillow \$12.50

C. BLUE GRASS PERFUME—Elizabeth Arden's most popular fragrance... Blue Grass Perfume in Horseshoe Box \$6.60

D. BEAUTY PRIMER—a novel Beauty Box in Book Cover containing 9 of Elizabeth Arden's essentials for loveliness \$6.50

E. DUSTING POWDER AND JUNGLE GERANIUM SOAP—ribboned-in transparent box \$2.25

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

Elizabeth Arden

Try Pepsodent's 2-second Beauty Test!



MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

1—DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.

2—IT'S A WARNING... You need the special film-lighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present dentifrice may be letting you down.

3—DON'T WAIT... Correct this beauty-blemish now... with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste or tooth powder contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away... and (2) the patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off... doesn't collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get Pepsodent today!

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT
Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll see and feel the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.

OF ALL TOOTH PASTES AND POWDERS

Only Pepsodent has IRIUM

known to the dental profession as purified alkyl sulfate



The Pepsodent Co. of Canada Ltd.

to keep the thoroughbreds in order. The whole for \$14.50.

No more appropriate reminder of the true meaning of Christmas could be had than the story of the Nativity, also done in painted wood carvings. There is the small stable open at front to reveal the creche, the Mother and Child, the Three Wise Men who have come to adore, sheep and a recumbent camel. Another of these groups is an oasis with its pack camels, a sheik, an Arab woman, sheep and three palm trees eleven pieces in all. These are treasures to buy and keep as permanent family possessions to be brought out Christmas after Christmas.

Those who can manage to tear themselves away from the collection of wood carvings should ask to be shown the exquisite English silver tray which is one of the Shop's most treasured objects. Just large enough to accommodate one's prized china coffee service, it has a magnificently restrained edge—even those unversed in furniture periods will recognize the edge as having been adapted from Chippendale tilt-top tables. The feet also follow the design. The centre is absolutely plain.

The perfect place for the family crest if you have a family crest. This treasure is something to see if one is looking for a really handsome gift and is prepared to pay \$150 for it.

Timely

About the only vestige left of the old nightly ceremonial of winding the clock and putting out the cat, is pussy's inalienable right to roam and range the nocturnal scene. The clock winding is taken care of by Niagara Falls, or some other hy-

draulic manifestation of nature. General Electric who, among a great many other things make Telechron electric clocks, have evolved a pretty fancy in the form of their "Talisman," which not only wakes you on the dot with polite insistence but, by means of a translucent illuminated dial, provides its owner with a faint night light. It's to be had in ivory lacquered metal, with a brown band and base, or in gold color metal and brown plastic band and base.

A nice substitute for the usual pink pills for pale people, is the General Electric Sunlamp "Indoor sunshine at the turn of a switch." The sun-tance can enjoy its benefits without the usual goggles because the lamp is not harmful to the eyes. Not standard equipment but convenient to have around—especially for those inclined to be forgetful—is a timer which turns the lamp off automatically after a sunning period of from one to thirty minutes. If there's someone on your list who in ordinary times would rate a trip to the south, this makes as good a substitute as anything we know of. A few bags of sand spread around, one of these lamps, plus a lively imagination, and you have all the pleasures of a luxury cruise minus the usual ship-board bores.

Ceramics

From England to Henry Morgan & Co. Limited of Montreal comes Royal Doulton's unique collection of Rouge Flambe, Sung and Chang ware—treasures formerly known only to those who have visited the Royal Doulton show rooms in London and Burslem. Knowledgeable collectors of this ware will tell you

(Continued on Next Page)



(Continued from Previous Page)
without any urging that in it the magnificent colorings and wonderful transmutation glazes are generally agreed to have surpassed the Chinese pieces dating from the 12th century which were their inspiration.

The majority of the pieces are signed by the late Charles Noke who for many years was the art director of Royal Doulton, and who is responsible for discovering and reproducing the secret of the glowing jewel-like colors and glaze of this unique ware. Among the one hundred

pieces in Morgan's possession is a bowl-shaped Sung vase with painted castle and cypress trees darkly silhouetted against the background, the whole richly colored with violet bloom (\$475). Another Sung vase, tall and slender, and modelled and signed by Noke, glows with rich red and orange tones, and is titled "He had great possessions." The price tag on this says \$275. Others in the collection begin at \$10. This collection would never have been permitted to leave England if the danger of destruction from bombing had not ex-

An exquisite example of the silver-smith's art is this oval-shaped fruit bowl of pierced silver as light and airy in style as lace. The wine-glasses are in the best English tradition. The Seven Seas Shop (Eaton's).

isted, and in all likelihood these pieces will be the last of their kind to be produced until after the war.

What's Cooking?

If your gift-giving is taking a practical turn this Yuletide you might consider the question of Pyrex Flameware dishes—especially if among the names on your list there happens to be someone who has denuded her kitchen of its aluminum cooking utensils in the praiseworthy cause of more Hurricanes and Spitfires. This will be one instance of casting your aluminum on the salvage heap and having it return as Pyrex. Just for the record, we might mention that there are such things as skillets (with detachable chrome handles), tea-kettles which settle by visual proof the old argument about whether the water in the kettle is really boiling enough for the tea; a well and tree platter which is dilly for fish and baked meats, besides all the other dishes needed to cook food superlatively well.

Chesty

A chest in which to keep one's treasures is a peculiarly personal possession of any woman. It is the repository of all her household treasures. You'll remember that originally a chest was a part of the dowry of every European bride—and was usually made for her when she was a child by her father who decorated it with intricate carving or a painted design. Now few fathers, even those who have "taken" manual training, are likely to run up a chest for daughter today. Why should they, indeed, when they can buy something far handsomer in the form of a cedar-lined Heirloom Chest made of the finest wood and as beautifully put together as a watch. Besides it looks better with contemporary furniture probably because it is contemporary, and is much more efficient in the matter of making moths unhappy. There are innumerable styles, most of them with separate drawers or trays. All have the "Keepsafe" dial lock, and many of them come complete with two hundred and fifty dollars worth of moth insurance.

On The Air

We may not do as much driving about in cars this winter we all want to keep Mr. Cottrell in a happy frame of mind—but when we do take the bus out for an airing it's twice as important that the occasion be, well, an occasion. A car heater one can rely on is an essential in this fickle climate of ours, anyway, so a car heater under the Christmas tree is a pretty sight for any car-owner to see—especially if it's tagged with his or her name. Stewart-Warner's "South Wind" is prodigal with its supplies of heat at the flick of a finger, and is so economical to operate that the cost isn't worth a mention. And as if all this isn't enough, the heater is so smartly styled its presence is an asset whether your method of locomotion is a station-wagon or Rolls-Royce.

The Stewart-Warner people, as you probably know, do handsome things with radios too, and if there's a family feud on concerning the merits of Superman vs. Lowell Thomas, the whole thing can be settled by the gift of a small radio to be used either by the Superman addicts or those who yearn for Mr. Thomas' mellifluous words. "The Newsboy," to be had in either walnut or ivory plastic, is as streamlined in style as anything dreamed up by engineers for the next century. "The Majorette" in ivory finished moulded bakelite is a handsome object that should blend in well with any style of interior decoration. More important, though, is its mellow clear reception and easy-to-read straight-line dial.

NOTES

THE Fiftieth Anniversary Ball of the 48th Highlanders will take place on Friday, November 28, at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, under the distinguished patronage of the Governor-General and the Princess Alice. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Matthews will attend. It will be recalled that the last Ball took place in 1939 just before the First Battalion left for overseas service. This ball, always one of the outstanding social events of the season, is distinguished by many colorful traditions and ceremonies.

AN ANTICIPATED event of Saturday, November 22, will be the Lyceum Women's Art Ball, to be held on the entire convention floor of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. Two orchestras will play dance music throughout the evening, and there will be a hundred tables of bridge, with prizes offered for each table. A highlight of the evening will be the lucky draw for a sterling silver coffee service and tray, which is being looked after by Mrs. R. de Bruno Austin. Mrs. A. C. Mackie is president of the association, and will be in charge of the reception committee with Mrs. W. C. Douglas, the general convener. Mrs. C. P. Hotchkiss is in charge of the bridge room.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

PROTECT PRICELESS

OLD FAMILY

RECIPES

WITH MAGIC



FOR THE MOST DELICIOUS TEA

Use **YOUNG**
tea leaves—
Call for



At your grocer's in 7- and 12-oz. packages—also in the new FILTER-type tea balls.

Blended and packed in Canada

ON THE HOME FRONT!



Aluminum plays an important role in many phases of modern industry, including those of vital importance to the nation's war effort. On the home front these important points must be effectively protected against enemy action.

Since the manufacture of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils has been stopped by War Restrictions, many of our workers have been obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

Later on, when these restrictions are lifted, we are glad to think they will renew their long and faithful service with us, making



"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

"Deacon"
It's got "Deacon" written all over it!... in the roomy lines, the casual style, the excellent fabrics. Wherever winter sports are held...there, if you look around, you will see and recognize the famous Deacon Sportswear.
The parka jacket in Gaineau Gabardine at \$8.95, the trim slacks in Gray Rocks Gabardine are \$12.95. The Grenfell ski jacket shown in the inset is \$13.95—in Gabardine \$8.95.
Deacon Brothers
SPORTSWEAR

FILM PARADE

Can You Name the Stars?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

A FRIEND of mine who goes to the movies just often enough to be confused confessed the other day that he can never tell one heroine from another. They are nearly all blonde and they wear the same hair-dos and the same eye-lashes, immensely long, either droop and sweep or stand out stiff and surprised with Maybelline. To make things worse, he said, their names all sound alike or at any rate just different enough to make them unidentifiable.

I could quite sympathize with him because with all my movie-going I still suffer occasionally from the same confusion. Would you believe it, at one time I was all mixed up about Ann Sheridan, Ann Southern and Anne Shirley? I got that straightened out finally thank goodness. Ann Sheridan was the Oomph girl, Ann Southern was the Oops girl and Anne Shirley (I think I'm right about this) dropped out of pictures to have a baby.

And while I'm in the mood for confessing I may as well admit that for quite a while I didn't quite know which was Rita Hayworth and which was Rita Johnson. However I've got them ticketed now too. Rita Hayworth is the one who dances and Rita Johnson is the one who looks so marvellous in a wrapped lamé turban. But don't start switching roles or hats, Rita and Rita, or I may have to start all over again.

THEN there were Carole Lombard and Carole Landis. I knew them both perfectly, especially Carole Lombard. Yet all through "One Million B.C." some unpersuaded part of my mind kept expecting Miss Landis (not to be confused with Miss Landi) to turn into Mrs. Clark Gable. Maureen O'Hara and Maureen O'Sullivan also established an affinity in my head that couldn't be shaken off for a long time, though Maureen O'Hara, a beautiful rather slow-moving girl, couldn't possibly be mistaken for the pretty, nimble Mrs. Tarzan.

Gene Tierney had me confused for ages, because I kept identifying her name with one of the Dead End Kids. There was also a natural though illogical association with Gene Tunney. I know now that she is actually a beautiful starlet who has appeared, and before my own eyes, in half a dozen pictures, including "Tobacco Road." I still wouldn't recognize her if I saw her.

TO MAKE things worse the men stars are getting almost as difficult to identify by name as the feminine stars. It was simple when they gave them fancy names, like Errol and Clark and Cary and Gary. Recently however they are all Johns or Williams or Roberts. Especially Roberts. By watching closely I can usually identify a Robert when I see one, but is it Robert Stack or Robert Newton or Robert Cummings or

Robert Preston? And once when I thought I had Robert Preston down cold he turned out to be Preston Foster. Oh dear.

This peculiar vagueness, I find, isn't confined to myself. A lot of people share it. Even in Hollywood, where they certainly ought to know better, the postman frequently delivers Miss Greer Garson's mail to Miss Greta Garbo and vice versa—or at least so I'm told. Maybe it would be a good idea to call in all the stars, start all over again and release them under new titles.

Certainly it was a lot simpler in the early days of the screen when practically all the heroines were called Mary Pickford.

BOTH Rita Johnson and Rita Hayworth turned up on the local screen this week, Rita Johnson in "Appointment for Love" with Margaret Sullivan and Charles Boyer, and Rita Hayworth in "You'll Never Get Rich," the new Astaire film.

As long as Rita Hayworth dances

there's no question of confusing her with anyone else. She's the best partner the incomparable Astaire has had since the Ginger Rogers days—possibly the best he ever had. There's a lot of dancing in "You'll Never Get Rich," which is fortunate since it's the best dancing of its kind in the world. When they aren't dancing, however, the stars have to occupy themselves with draft comedy, a form of entertainment that Abbott and Costello have slapped down for a generation.

"Appointment for Love" is one of those old marriage vs. career teasers, with Margaret Sullivan as a busy lady doctor, Charles Boyer as the romantic playwright who marries her, and Rita Johnson as the naughty interloper. Since it never takes its problem seriously it's better entertainment than you might think from the material.

Coming Events

THE CBC will begin on Monday next another series of performances of Gilbert and Sullivan operatic classics, occupying the hour from 8 to 9 p.m. EDT. The first act of *The Gondoliers* will be given on Monday, and the second act a week later, December 1. On December 8 and 15 there will be condensed versions of *Pirates of Penzance* and *Pinafore*. On the two closing Mondays of the year *The Mikado* will be



Mrs. Anna Mary Robertson Moses, an 81 years old great grandmother, is seen here with Thomas J. Watson, President of International Business Machines, who purchased her painting, "The Old Oaken Bucket" for \$250. Mrs. Moses began painting less than four years ago.

given, one act each evening. The mezzo parts in these works will be sung by a young Canadian who has recently been performing them on Broadway with the Lyric Opera Company. This is Miss Catherine Judah, a native of Montreal, and a

former holder of a fellowship in the Juilliard Graduate School of Music and of the Prix d'Europe of the Province of Quebec. Her singing of *Katisha* in *The Mikado* won high approval from all the New York critics.

This Christmas Give Her a Gift of Lasting Beauty



A CUSTOM-MADE

FUR COAT

DESIGNED BY

André

A small group of highly individual showroom model fur coats, designed by André and custom-made from the finest pelts, have been substantially reduced for Christmas gift shoppers. If you feel the coat must be individually designed, expressly for her by André—there is no time to lose in ordering it, Christmas is much closer than you realize.

Magnificent Mink from \$1,700
Lustrous Persian from \$575
Glorious Beaver from \$775
Very select Hudson Seal (dyed muskrat) from \$395

André will be glad to arrange a special appointment at any time—Telephone Trinity 9111 and ask for the Custom Fur Salon.

Simpson's



Fredric March and Martha Scott as the Methodist parson and his wife in Warner Bros. film, "One Foot in Heaven", by Hartzell Spence.

you don't catch me
ruining my precious
stockings

**I'M A LUX
DAILY DIPPER!**



Crowds of smart girls are asking, "How can I make my precious stockings last?" For every week silk stockings are getting scarcer. And here's the answer! "Join the Lux Daily Dippers!" Yes—dip stockings in Lux, the very minute you take them off, to remove the perspiration acids which rot silk, cause runs and holes, when left in stockings overnight.

Lux keeps the sheer silk threads elastic so they stretch under strain! Start your Lux "daily dipping" tonight.

TO CUT DOWN RUNS, HOLES—



**DIP your
stockings in
Lux TONIGHT**



Make your own

Viyella
SKIRT

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Washes
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or
write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

DRESSING TABLE

Scented Tribute

BY ISABEL MORGAN

AS A graceful tribute to her femininity, it is impossible to find a more flattering gift for any woman than cosmetics, perfumes or any of their relations. Willy lads should bear this in mind whether the gift is destined for their current heart interest or for their rich aunt Bella who's eighty if she's a day.

Pretty, Too

Elizabeth Arden always can be counted on to wrap the things that bear her name in an aura of imaginative glamor . . . for which incidentally you get the applause while she does the work. Just to give you an idea of some of the pretties—

As charmingly Victorian as Grandmama's bonnet, as old-fashioned and hearty as the spirit of Christmas is the little Christmas sleigh gaily decorated and cushioned with a fragrant Blue Grass Sachet Pillow, its "driver" a beautiful bottle of Blue Grass Perfume. Or for the equestrienne there's a gaily plumed circus pony, spirited as his famous Banbury Cross ancestor and carrying on his back a bottle of Cyclamen Flower Mist. The same Flower Mist fragrance also can be had in a package decorated with little painted Christmas tree ornaments, stars and sparkling tinsel . . . The jolly spirit of St. Nick is captured in a gay little red velvet boot filled with fragrant Blue Grass Perfume and trimmed with gold chain and bells—the whole boxed in a frosty cellophane chimney festively decorated with ribbon and holly.

To delight the heart of a sybarite any of the following will do: Blue Grass Bath Box, a fragrant harmonious bath sequence that enchants the eye. It contains a beautiful jar of fine Blue Grass Bath Salts, a box of fragrant dusting powder and a cake of Blue Grass soap. The Blue Grass Letter Box holds charming accessories for the bath such as Flower Mist and soft, feather-light dusting powder packaged together in a festive Christmas box. If her hands are soft and lovely, or if you would make them that way, give her a set of hand

preparations. E. Arden's newest box containing a chubby cake of Bath soap, and a fragrant bottle of hand lotion.

Beauty Classics

As gifts for devotees of the timeless beauty of Yardley products, there are innumerable groups both small and great, from which to make a triumphant selection. This year you'll find them in attractive boxes covered with a design of swirling true-lovers' knots. For the bath there is that matchless Lavendomeal that comes so superbly to the rescue where there's the problem of hard water. It's accompanied by an enormous box of bath powder. Or you might give serious consideration to the box that contains not only several cakes of guest soap, a tin of talcum powder, but no less than six—count 'em—tablets of compressed bath salt.

The two classics are put together in a smart little box dubbed the "Voyager," in which you'll find a small, very travelable vial of English Lavender and another vial of smelling salts. Other sets point the Yardley way to beauty with everything necessary to give her complexion the smoothness and finish for which the English complexion is famous . . . creams, tonic and make-up. Those in the mood to do things in the grand and spacious manner need look no farther than the box that contains practically everything made by Yardley—including a compact for her to carry in her handbag. If you have someone on your list who plans to spend the next year cut off from all contact with civilization you can't go wrong in presenting her with this box and its stock of so many lovely necessities. It's its own guarantee that at least she won't run out of any of the needed toiletries.

Among the many lovely Yardley fragrances, besides the famous English Lavender, are numbered Freesia, April Violets, Orchis, Red Roses, Bond Street—perfumed delight all.



Of white ermine, soft and impalpable as a drift of new fallen snow, this opera cape in which skins are worked horizontally is the ultimate in be-furred luxuriousness. It was worn at the Horse Show Ball in New York.



• The happy informality of the Yardley Lavender gives you a young, fresh vivacity—65c to \$13.50.

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
Beauty Preparations

You always
save with **QUALITY**
**PLUMBING
FIXTURES**



WALLACEBURG

SHOWERS AND FAUCETS

ASK YOUR PLUMBER

CONCERNING FOOD

Helping The Carnivorous

BY JANET MARCH

ARE you one of those people who when faced with a roast and a carving knife look utterly helpless and say, "Where do I begin?" Or do you go right to work in a professional surgical way? If you belong to the latter class then a little red book which has recently come my way will have little interest for you, but it is my opinion that far more people don't know how to carve than do. For this majority Bill Rhode has written "This Business of Carving" and Macmillan has published it in New York.

Cervantes said that "a brave man carves out his fortune" but far too many men who appear to be average hold can't find the undercut on a sirloin steak let alone carve it. Of course in some houses the woman does the carving, but this seems to make the man feel a sissy. It is really more sensible, for it is she who has wrestled with the butcher over the necessary extra thickness, and expostulated loudly over the length of the tail. She knows where to put her knife all right, and wouldn't give the prize elderly guest with the not so good false teeth a large hunk off the bit the cook intended to make into meat balls for the children's lunch to-morrow. Incidentally Mr. Rhode offers a simple and very fair solution of the steak problem. Whether it is a sirloin or a T bone, start off by taking the bone out, and then cut right through from side to side in narrow slanting slices.

Cutting Up

Not only does this book tell you about how to cut meat, but it tells you too how to cook it, and here is the advice about basting. "After a roast has been well seared in the hot oven basting should start, its purpose being to keep the outside of the roast well moistened and soft and to help give the roast a good color. It is impossible to add to the juiciness of a roast by more frequent basting. The juices should be sealed inside the roast and all that basting can do is to prevent their escaping." So you see you can't create a juicy roast with patience and a basting spoon.

While we are talking about juices Mr. Rhodes points out that one of the chief aims of the carver should be to cut in such a way that the minimum of juice runs out on the platter and the maximum amounts stays in each slice of meat. A good many of the very clear and interesting drawings show where to make the first cut so that the juice will run out as little as possible. Pictures of all the most usual roasts are here, rib roast of beef, saddle of lamb, ham, veal and even suckling pig which, says Bill Rhode, is "a task which has frightened some of the most experienced carvers."

Really carnivorous persons should certainly order this book today. The 125 pages have a good many useful hints as well as the fundamental directions. For instance when carving a fowl have an auxiliary small warmed platter on which can be put the whole leg, there to be cut into its two parts. When you are carving a leg of lamb a series of drawings shows you how to cut off a slice, and then stand the roast on the flat place you have made, to keep it steady. Then too he recommends roasting a fowl breast side down so that the juices from the dressing run into the breast meat and flavor it and keep it from drying up. This sounds good sense and my next chicken is going to find himself cooking upside down supported either by a V shaped rack or V shaped wedges of stale dry bread. You just turn it right way up for the last twenty minutes to brown.

All sorts of things are touched on in this short book, what meats should be cut thick and what thin, how to roast a calf's head, the

tricky art of dealing with a fore-quarter of lamb, how to sharpen a knife on a steel. If you're a meat lover it's your meat all right.

While we are talking about meat I came across another bit of advice in a book the other day which sounded

sensible. This was that meats should not be popped straight from the refrigerator into the pan, for this tends to give you meat well done on the surface and raw inside. It is better to let the meat stand in the kitchen and acquire room heat for an hour before cooking. N.B. If you have cats like ours who won't learn about tables remember to put them out.

This is the time of year when a kind hunting friend is likely to present you with a piece of venison. You may know everything there is to know about venison, or you may not, and if you don't your roast venison may turn out to be tough.

stringy and dry. To deal successfully with venison you should soak it in a mixture described in cook books as a marinade. Here is a recipe for such a brew.

Marinade for Venison

1 large onion
2 carrots
4 whole cloves
2 cups of tarragon vinegar
2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
2 bay leaves
Thyme
1 clove of garlic
1 teaspoon of salt
Pepper

1 cup of red wine
2 cups of water

Chop the onion and carrots very finely and fry them till they are tender but not browned. Add the vinegar, the water, the wine and herbs and seasonings. Boil this mixture in a covered pan slowly for about half an hour. Cool and when quite cold drop in the piece of meat and leave it there for twenty-four hours, turning it at intervals. Take it out when you are ready to cook it, and brush off all the pieces of vegetables and herbs and spices which stick to it. Put what is left of the marinade through a sieve and use it to baste the venison with while it is cooking.

Here's
the Inside
Story

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Leaside, Ontario,
November 6th, 1941

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FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION — General Motors Sales Corporation — LEASIDE, ONTARIO

NO YOUNG composer has won so much attention from orchestral conductors of late as the 29-year old Englishman, Benjamin Britten. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra last week played his *Sinfonia da Requiem* (opus 20) in recognition of Armistice Day. It left many listeners bewildered; but bewilderment was mingled with a sense that Britten is really a master with much that is fresh and original to say. A paragraph from Ettore Mazzoleni's program note is so apt that I reprint it:

"There are two sorts of young composers; the young composer who knows what his music will sound like when it is played, and the young composer who knows what his music will sound like only after it has been played. Britten was definitely of the first sort. Everything that he wrote 'came off'. There was a danger that he might become merely a bright young thing of the musical world. However, three or four years ago

works began to appear which showed a greater effort to concern himself with the essentials that make for maturity; and they are almost all works of greater consequence."

Most important of all is this *Sinfonia da Requiem*, which John Barbirolli proclaimed was the most important new work played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra last season. When Sir Ernest MacMillan studied the score he became equally enthusiastic. Strange as is Mr. Britten's music; unique as are his idioms,

the score is a comfort to conductors, because (from their standpoint) it is lucid. The composer knew precisely what he wanted to say and at no point became enmeshed in his material, or confused in his ideas. There is no fumbling whereas in many modernist works fumbling is apparent. Britten's comprehension and grip on orchestral resources are almost as impressive as in the case of Shostakovich.

The titles of the three movements were taken from the Catholic liturgy, though the work itself is not liturgical in design. They signify "The tears of Death" (*Lacrymosa*); "The Terror of Death" (*Dies Irae*); "The Peace of Death" (*Requiem Aeternam*). In the first, grief expresses itself in a weird, wild, Celtic wailing. In the second, terror is typified by a grim, mysterious ferocity, never before attempted by any composer. The final expression of peace is pervaded by nobility, less startling to listeners habituated to tradition. Not until I have heard the *Requiem* several times can I judge of all it means; but it has haunted me as it has haunted others. They still shudder over the *Dies Irae*. It is obviously music that could be composed only in times like these, when Death has assumed terror once in conceivable.

Sir Ernest has never given a finer demonstration of his mastery as a conductor. The unique idioms, the odd nuances, and the hellish glamor of passages were revealed with enthralling transparency.

Two other works by modern British composers were heard. The Idyll, *Banks of Green Willow* by young George Butterworth, killed on the Somme in 1916, becomes lovelier with each fresh hearing. It was good to hear once more Vaughan Williams' devotional *Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis* (1510-85). On the basis of a Tudor devotional theme the composer built up a fabric of lovely and tranquil beauty. A work of similar spiritual purport was Ettore Mazzoleni's rich and beautiful orchestral transcription of Bach's *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*. There were other important items on the program but these seemed to embody the emotions evoked by the occasion.

Bridge Quartet Played

The concert of the Hart House Quartet last week was in part a memorial to one of the ablest modern exponents of the ancient traditions of chamber music; Frank Bridge, who died last winter at the age of 62. There is a public to which his songs *Love Went a-Riding* and *O That It Were So* make a greater appeal; yet the real soul of Bridge is to be found in his quartets. He was himself viola player in the great Joachim Quartet from 1906 to 1915; and even when active in other fields won awards for new chamber works. The *Quartet in E minor* only rendered by the Hart House players is proof of his creative faculty and ability to continue worthily a great tradition. It is not so melodious a work as Schubert's sunny and limpid *Quartet in E flat* which preceded it nor does it possess the grandeur of Brahms' *Quartet in A minor* which followed; but worthy to be linked on the same program with them. The notable efficiency of the Hart House Quartet this year was especially demonstrated in the powerful, expressive and clean-cut rendering of the Brahms work.

Ross Pratt's Pianism

Prior to the war, rumors reached Canada from time to time of the phenomenal abilities of Ross Pratt, a Winnipeg pianist, who, at the age of 17 won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. Three appearances at Queen's Hall under Sir

Henry Wood by a boy in his teens were *prima facie* evidence of remarkable talent. Mr. Pratt is now 24 and for two years has resided in Montreal. His first appearance in Toronto took place at Margaret Eaton Hall last week and it was regrettable that only a few of the musical public were present. The professionals who did hear him were dazzled by his amazing technical equipment. He is very tall and shy in bearing; but he has a mastery of every resource of the keyboard that many celebrities double his age have not attained. He as yet lacks emotional development, but with nothing more to learn in a technical sense, he is free to concentrate on problems of interpretation. His touch, though fine in quality, was rather cold but his sweeping powers of execution had the fullest possible opportunity in Brahms' *Variations on a Theme of Paganini* and Liszt's *Sonata in B minor*. In each his command over every minute phase of expression was magnificent. At the very outset, in the Busoni-Bach *Chaconne* he had the power and confidence of Busoni himself. The work which best revealed his emotional possibilities was Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in G*, an interpretation beautiful from every point of view.

Donald Dickson

The popular baritone, Donald Dickson, returned to Toronto sooner than expected, as substitute at Eaton Auditorium for the Viennese tenor Richard Tauber, whom the British authorities wish to retain in London. Mr. Dickson could very well pass muster as a basso, and I do not know why he does not so call himself, because good basses are harder to come by than baritones. His voice is splendid, mellow and resonant with unusual reserves of tone, but he seems deficient in temperament. It would be difficult to imagine a tamer rendering of Lady Scott's *Think On Me*; but in contrast he was rollicking and free in Arne's *They Only Live Who Life Enjoy*. In negro songs he seems to prefer humorous lyrics and sang two new ditties as well as they could be sung. That he has real claims to musical consideration was demonstrated by his Russian group; numbers by Mednikoff, Cesar Cui and Moussorgsky. The latter's song *The Goat*, a savage arraignment of mercenary maiden-

MUSICAL EVENTS

Unique Music by Benjamin Britten

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH



Kathleen Parlow, famous violinist, will play the Tchaikovsky violin concerto with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall, Tuesday evening, November 25, at 8.30 p.m.

hood, is a sinister masterpiece and was sung with wonderful dramatic expression.

American Composers

Among new publications is "Story Lives of American Composers" by Katherine Little Bakeless (Frederick A. Stokes, \$3.25). The introductory chapter on origin of music in the United States is neither illuminating nor well informed, but the data as to the fourteen composers dealt with is interesting. All were native-born but two, Victor Herbert and Irving Berlin. The latter was brought from Russia to the East Side of New York as a little child.

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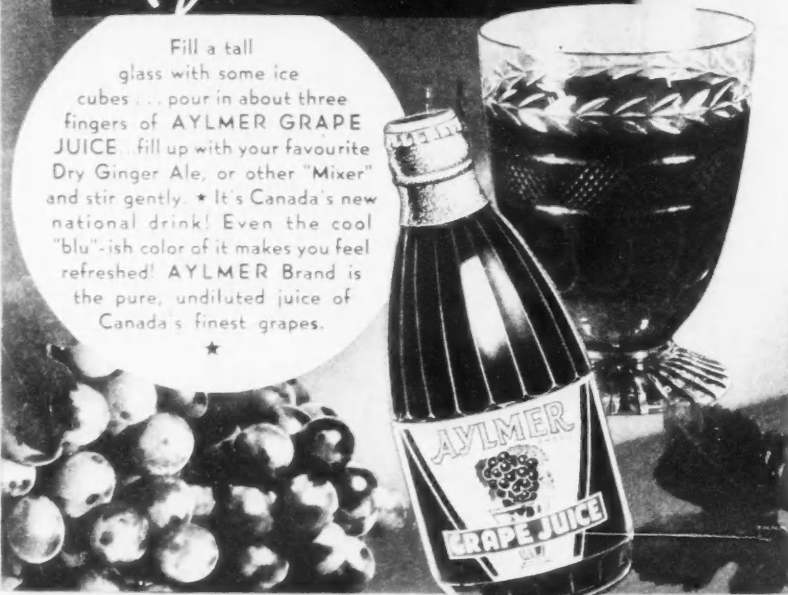


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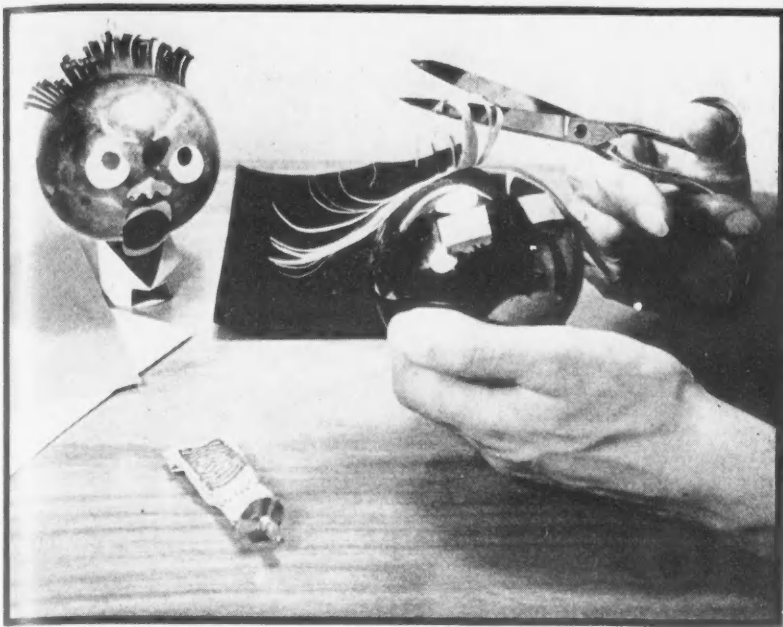
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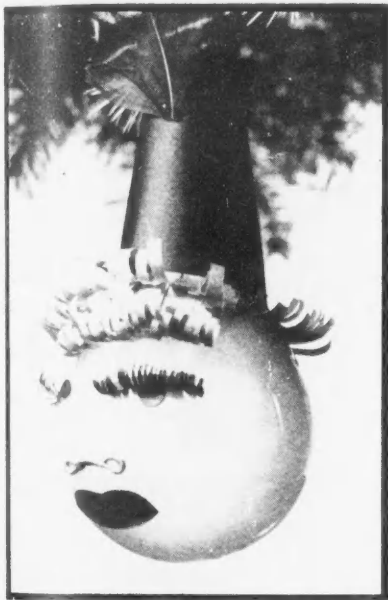
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Elaine Ellis and Mabel Taliaferro are seen here in a scene from Rose Franken's Comedy "Claudia" coming to the Royal Alex week of Nov. 24.



THESE ARE UP A TREE



"Claudette Colbert"—electric bulb.



Santa has cork nose, white whiskers.



Al Jolson about to burst into song.



"Ann Sothorn" tries to look demure.

WOULD you like to find Claudette Colbert on your Christmas tree? Whether the answer is an enthusiastic aye or nay, in the hands of Mr. Oliver P. Van Steeven of New York those round shiny Christmas balls that ornament the tree, take on new and sometimes startling personalities. It's a simple trick involving nothing more than sharp scissors, colored papers, some glue, and a spirit of fun.

Mr. Van Steeven does the work as a hobby. To date, he has turned out quite a few sets of decorated colored balls and hard boiled eggs, all the proceeds being turned over by him to the Red Cross. And in these pictures, wherein he shows just how it is done, he makes the modest request that anyone following his example be unselfish enough to likewise contribute any returns to the same worthwhile cause.

The place of honor, naturally, is held by Santa Claus himself. He's made with a red ball, a cork nose and cotton wadding for the familiar white hair and whiskers. The head purporting to be the image of Claudette Colbert—at least, according to the artist—is an electric light bulb.



Black paper hat, feather from duster.

PORTS OF CALL

For Relaxation

BY HILDA TURNER

IT'S relatively cold in Quebec Province these early November mornings. Swirls of ephemeral snow leave a light covering upon the ground; a certain feeling of finality settles upon the land. But for the deer hunters, the bear hunters and those stalking fox, raccoon and hare, a human heaven encircles the earth at this time, arranged about the map in great patches all within sight of the forests.

This Fall, many people have entered into the hunters' Canadian kingdom of heaven at the Seigneurie Club and, even if they came away without trophies, they found peace and relaxation there. Perhaps they have sighted a deer in a dark clot of trees and pursuing it, stumbled over ditches, as the buck wheeled and doubled away across an open stretch, going like the wind. When at last the hunter, off balance, took aim he drew bead at the instant the deer disappeared.

Even then, he returned to camp well content; relaxed. But some hunters, taking to the woods as the figurative duck to the proverbial water, have brought in some fine big heads and good bags of birds this year.

In the midst of a general sense of dismay in the world today, physicians, psychologists, osteopaths, neurologists, chiropractors, and nurses, too, all have been preaching the same thing: *relaxation*. The Oxford dictionary defines it as a diminution of tension, severity, precision; Anatole France said "man is so made that he can only find relaxation from one kind of labor by taking up another."

A Welcome Retreat

Though the hoarse, ugly shout of war is ever present, many of the Seigneurie Club's members and guests actively engaged in war work have found that the club provides a welcome retreat for occasional necessary rest and recreation. They have renewed the old enchantment with the Laurentian countryside of which the Seigneurie comprises sixty-five thousand acres.

Fathers have escaped in oldest and most comfortable clothes to hunt or loaf in the forest, to be cared for by efficient guides; mothers may have preferred placid days of casual conversation and bridge, leisurely walks; the children may have been indefatigable golfers, keen on badminton, skeet or trap shooting. They had, in a sense, at their immediate disposal, half a dozen or more clubs within the borders of the Seigneurie and yet they were all together in the Log Chateau and did not have to separate to go their several ways.

One writer who retired to the Club to write a mathematical book of considerable importance said, "I think it is absolutely true to say that without the Seigneurie Club's atmosphere . . . it seemed to enable me to shed all sense of pressure and controversy . . . I should never have started the work and I am quite sure that it could not have been so complete as I now hope and believe it will be."

Hunting parties usually arrive at Pine Cabin on the Little Salmon river, which is guides' headquarters in the forest, at six a.m. Or they may stay overnight at the cabin or in the nearby guest house so as to get an early start. An hour in the morning has been more profitable than two in the middle of the day.

For deer hunting the best results in the shortest time have been where the hunters came in groups of four or more and used four or more guides. This enabled enough hunters to be placed at intervals at strategic points, so that when a group of



"Nothing Like a Hunting Trip for Good, Healthy Exercise!"

—MORROW.

guides swept a piece of country towards well used runways, some, at least, of the deer were sure to fall.

Life for the small corps of guides and rangers is not idle, even in the dead of winter, at the Seigneurie Club. Stationed in their log cabins around the borders of the Seigneurie, they lead busy lives, cutting firewood and harvesting ice in preparation for summer, clearing and improving trails and camp sites, trapping vermin that destroy game and wild life and accomplishing many other chores. Vicarious nature lovers al-

ways enjoy a feeling of momentary escape when the odd tale comes down from the Club's back country. In the spring there was the one about a deer restored to life by artificial respiration.

The guides and rangers, experts in the conservation of wild life generally, believe it is the first time anyone has revived a deer in this way, and while their methods were not strictly in accordance with existing life saving rules, they produced results and the fawn concerned is now very much alive.

Right: Coffee on the trail during a hunting expedition. Below: the kill. A 150-lb. deer has been killed and dressed, ready for the trek back to the Seigneurie Club. "For deer hunting the best results in the shortest time have been where the hunters came in groups of 4 or more and used four or more guides. This enabled enough hunters to be placed at intervals at strategic points, so that when a group of guides swept a piece of country towards well-used runways, some, at least, of the deer were sure to fall . . . Hunting parties usually arrive at headquarters at six p.m."



THE LONDON LETTER

A Billion Pounds from Small Savings!

ONE of the most amazing things about the people of Britain is the way they always seem able to find the money for anything they really want to do. They want to win this war, and just think how they are digging out the money for it—£1,000,000,000 in Small Savings alone! They held a luncheon the other day in London to celebrate the achievement. And an achievement it is—£20 per head of the population, as compared with a little over £6 per head raised by similar savings campaigns between 1916 and 1918! And they cheered Sir Kingsley Wood fit to lift the roof when he gave them the toast, "To the second thousand millions!"

You might think there would be hardly any money left in the country for anything else, with the small man shaking the last spare "bob" out of his pocket into the war-chest, and the big man so ground down by taxes that he can hardly afford petrol for his Rolls-Royces—even if he does manage to wangle a few extra coupons. But they held a sale of blood-stock at Newmarket last week, at which £14,700 was paid for a brood-mare, and £8,610 for a yearling colt. What a people!

It is only fair to admit that the yearling was bought by the Agha Khan, who is in rather a special position financially. I don't know if the Agha Khan pays taxes like ordinary mortals, but it probably doesn't worry him very much if he has to. He is the hereditary head of an immense sect of Mohammedans, and his religious subjects have the pleasant habit of solemnly weighing him every now and then, and presenting him

BY P. O'D.

with his weight in gold. Never had a man so good a reason for letting himself get as fat as he can. And, judging from his photographs, it must be said for the Agha that he seems to do his best.

But the Agha Khan was not the only buyer, nor by any means the biggest. There was the brood-mare, for instance, Carpet Slipper—eleven years old at that! And what a name to call her! Carpet Slipper comes of the finest stock in the country, and is said to be in foal to Hyperion, a Derby winner and a famous sire—the best in 50 years, the experts say. But nearly £15,000!

Where in the world do they get the money? It is one of the great mysteries of the war. But perhaps the people who have some money left feel that they ought to put it quickly into something—something for which no coupons are required—before Sir Kingsley Wood bags the lot. Well, perhaps they're right.

Still the Black-Out

Now that winter will soon be on us again, the "black-out" becomes once more an urgent and unpleasant problem—all the more unpleasant for the double dose of Summer Time that we enjoyed. So it is perhaps not surprising that people generally are asking for some relaxation of the rules. They want a bit more light especially in the crowded streets of London.

Advocates of relaxation point out that it would ease the flow of traffic, that it would lessen the horrible total of road accidents, and that, in the case of air-raids, it should be possible to turn the lights off again as easily and quickly as they were turned on. Also that it would tend to cheer us all up—which is something we badly need just now, with the news from the Eastern Front growing grimmer and grimmer.

But the authorities do not see things that way at all. They admit the help that more light would be to the movement of traffic, but insist that to turn the street-lights off suddenly in an emergency would be even more dangerous than to keep them off permanently. Besides, it might not be possible to turn them off quickly enough.

Sometimes the bombs start dropping almost before the sirens have ceased wailing; and turning off the lights of London is not a mere matter of pulling a switch in some central control-station. It is a much more complicated and widespread process than that. And the authorities are naturally unwilling to present Nazi airmen with an illuminated ground-plan of London.

So Londoners will have to resign themselves once more to bumping their way about in the darkness, and looking long and carefully before they step off the curb. They may even come finally to carrying or wearing something that will show up in such dim light as there is—a white scarf or belt, or, better still, something white tied around the leg below the knee, where the dipped headlamp of the approaching car can pick it out. But that perhaps is too much to expect. The average Londoner would much rather take a chance of being killed than of looking ridiculous.

Another Little Drink . . .

No one with any knowledge of wine would claim for a moment that Empire wines compare, for flavor and bouquet, with the best European varieties. Patriotism is a grand virtue, grander than ever just now, but it stops short of the palate. At the same time, a good Australian burgundy, for instance, is very much better than a bad French one, and the best South African sherry much pleasanter and probably more salubrious to drink than a lot of the

stuff that comes out with an impressive Spanish label on it. Certainly they are better than no wine at all—and that is rapidly becoming the position today.

Recently there has been an agitation—fostered chiefly by the wine trade, no doubt—to get the Government to relax a little the restrictions, amounting practically to total prohibition, against the importation of Empire wine. Not even a wine-merchant would suggest that precious shipping space, needed for other and more vital commodities, should be given up to fermented grape-juice. But not all the ships that sail from Australia or Capetown are laden to the limit with vital necessities.

Quite often there is a bit of room to spare. To the uninformed and rather thirsty observer, there seems to be no good reason why it shouldn't be filled up with supplies for the cup that cheers—even if it does on occasion inebriate a little. We should all feel the better for it, the producer, the wine-merchant, and the people who drink it. Even the Treasury would get its whack out of it—all those Excise duties!

Besides, there are alcoholic supplies which are vitally necessary for medicinal reasons—brandy, for instance. Already the Ministry of Food is taking steps to conserve and administer the supplies of brandy in the country, which are apparently far from adequate. And yet South Africa, which has the largest stock of brandy in the world for export—now that France is out of it—is not allowed to ship any at all.

Something really ought to be done about it, and I earnestly hope that something will for all sorts of reasons, but chiefly because I feel that another little drink wouldn't do us any harm. It would, in fact, do us a lot of good. We all need it.

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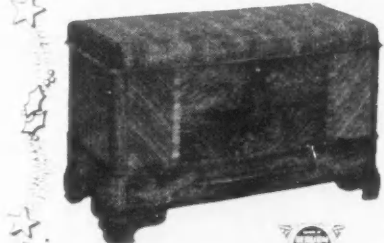
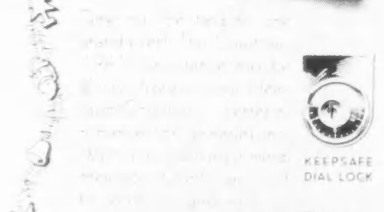


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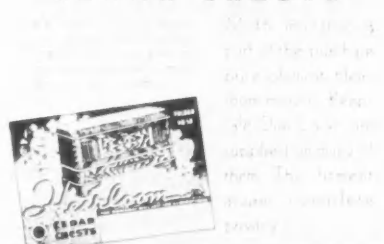


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THE OTHER PAGE

"Well, Whaddya Know?"

BY HORACE BROWN

CONSIDER the quiz program, and how it doth prevail. Turn your radio dial to any kilocycle anywhere any night in the week, and you will hear:

"All right, Mrs. Nonsequitur, here's your question. It was sent in by Harold Beeswax, of Umptyumtum, Saskatchewan, and nets Mr. Beeswax ten silver dollars, because he didn't forget to enclose a carton from a package of Wu-Wus, the brand-new breakfast food that will crunch while you munch. All right, Mrs. Nonsequitur, here's your question. Are you ready? Oh now, please don't be scared! I don't know any more than you do, you know, ha! ha! (Ed. Note: the sap doesn't know as much). Well, if you're ready for your question, Mrs. Nonsequitur, here it is, as sent in by Mr. Beeswax of Umptyumtum, Saskatchewan."

Of course, by this time you are certain that Mrs. Nonsequitur is ready and willing, even if she is not able. So you sit on the edge of your chair, waiting for the great question that is worth fifteen dollars to the contestant, with no bonus to this respectable mother of three half-grown children for making a public spectacle of herself. Aha! Here it is:

"Tell me, Mrs. Nonsequitur . . . tell me, please . . . you're not nervous, are you? That's fine! Tell me: who discovered America in 1492?"

The fair contestant fidgets in her size 42 foundations.

"Come, come, Mrs. Nonsequitur," urges the ubiquitous master of ceremonies (and you can feel him winking at the giggling "studio audience"), "surely you know who discovered America. He sailed from Spain in two ships . . . pardon me a moment . . . bzzzz . . . bzzz . . . I'm sorry, I'm informed it was *three* ships. That was one of the ships that pass in the night, ha! ha! Get it? That was one of the ships that . . . oh well, never mind, let's skip it. Please, Mrs. Nonsequitur, this is only a half-hour program."

"I—it's on the tip of my t-tongue," she quavers.

The master of ceremonies cannot let this golden opportunity for a "gag" pass by.

"Let me see your tongue, please." The obedient soul, completely mesmerized, sticks out some three inches of her husband's best friend. The master shakes his head.

"Sorry, Mrs. Nonsequitur, you're mistaken. It *isn't* on the tip of your tongue." Loud laughter from the studio audience. You can now hear the smirk in the questioner's voice. "Let me give you a hint. His first name was Christopher."

Something clicks with the lady.

"Columbus," she whispers, turning her head "off-mike" at the precise moment she speaks, thus cheating a waiting nation of her epic answer.

"You'll have to speak up," aggravates the torturer. "I'm afraid we didn't hear your answer."

Mrs. Nonsequitur is now considerably worried. Her answer was a pure guess of desperation, backed by some latent school-born knowledge, and she's afraid to repeat it for fear she was wrong. She does a mental back somersault, and, in sheer fright, utters the first name that comes into her mind, a peculiar association of ideas and suggestion.

"Christopher Robin!" she gasps to sixty-seven stations, wired together for sound.

There is a wild shriek of laughter from the studio. Hardly able to control himself, and making sure everyone knows it, the master of ceremonies says he is afraid Mrs. Nonsequitur is wrong, the answer is Christopher Columbus (smugly), and now may we have another contestant please, etc. etc.

NOW ladies and gentlemen, do you begin to realize what you're responsible for? But I am more guilty than you! I have sinned, knowingly, with my tongue in my cheek, for filthy lucre, and this is my public penance (for filthy lucre).

For a whole season I was the author of a popular quiz program. For many, many weeks I chuckled behind the scenes, while the ring-master put the unfortunate animals through their unrehearsed paces.

I soon discovered a formula. The easier you made the questions, the harder they were to answer. You

could ask, "What did little Miss Muffet sit on?", and get one of a hundred answers. I've never yet heard the one I'd like to hear, but then radio makes even a hapless quiz victim puritanical.

If you want to know what's wrong with the country, then how about the answer that was given to the following question I thought up in an idle moment:

"What Conservative leader of the Senate was formerly a Prime Minister of Canada?"

Here is the answer from a young lady verbatim:

"Mackenzie King."

Here was another gem:

"What is the first name of the wife of our Prime Minister?"

The lady after some thought, said "Mrs. King," then, when this logical answer was refused, made a wild stab at "Edith." No doubt our bachelor Prime Minister will welcome this evidence of his special place with the masses.

These are *outré* examples, of course, but, in the main, the average intelligence of persons who at-

tend quiz shows in the hope of being called up to answer a question and get a few unexpected dollars is about that of a troupe of performing monkeys in Riverdale Zoo.

There is another angle of which your unscrupulous framer of questions for quiz programs takes an unfair advantage. This is the almost invariable "mike fright" that scares the "contestant" out of any wits he or she may happen to have rattling around loose. No matter how self-possessed a person may be ordinarily, the moment that person steps in front of a microphone he or

she is lost. There's something about the quiet, deadly little fellow that does things to the insides of the most seasoned of performers. What chance, then, has Sadie Silch, who never had a thought in her life? She's good for a "laugh" every time. That's why many reputable quiz programs in the United States do not hesitate to employ "plants," or to choose their contestants well in advance of the actual show.

The big idea behind quiz programs is to make the listener feel mentally superior to the contestant. The ideal quiz question is one that ninety-per cent of your air and studio audiences can answer before the microphone-befuddled wretch comes up with an answer. How many times have you said to yourself, "Why can't the dope answer *that* question? It's as simple as ABC!" Mister, I'll bet you all the money I've got that, placed under identical circumstances, you'll sound just as moronic, if not more so.

at EATON'S

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Main Entry

Photographed in THE SEVEN SEAS' GIFT SHOP.
MAIN STORE *Second Floor.*

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Ninety-Third Annual Report OF THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY OF TORONTO

Year ended 30th September, 1941

YOUR Directors present herewith the Ninety-third Annual Report of the operations of the Company, together with the Financial Statements for the year ended September 30th, 1941.

Having regard to the sharp increases which have taken place in the cost of gas coal, in wages paid for labour, and in taxation; and to the difficulty of carrying on business against a background of changing conditions, the financial results shown cannot be regarded as other than satisfactory.

The revenue, expenses and operating results are summarized as follows:	
Gross Earnings	\$7,575,864 60
Operating Expenses and Taxes	5,540,088 73
Net Earnings	\$2,035,775 87
Interest Earnings	78,657 98
Transferred from Reserve Fund	241,458 57
	<hr/> \$2,355,892 42
Dividends	\$1,237,192 00
Transferred to Plant and Buildings Renewal Fund	1,118,700 42
	<hr/> \$2,355,892 42

The revenue from gas sales amounted to \$5,536,848, an increase of \$251,061, over the sales of last year. The sales of gas for domestic purposes were well maintained, while the demand for gas for industrial use was greater than in any previous year in the history of the Company.

The Sales Departments of the Company have continued to direct their efforts towards stimulating the use of gas for domestic and industrial purposes. The Home Service Department, through its activities, has supplemented these efforts with gratifying results. The revenue from the sale of gas appliances amounted to \$349,400, an increase of \$59,307, or 20 per cent, over last year.

Operating expenses, including taxes, amounted to \$5,540,088, as compared with \$5,333,324, in 1940, an increase of \$206,764.

The cost of gas coal was further increased on April 1st last as a consequence of granting higher wage scales to workers at the mines. The establishment by the United States Government of guaranteed minimum prices for coal; the high rate of exchange payable on remittances to the United States which has prevailed since the beginning of the war; the imposition by the Dominion Government of an exchange tax of 10 per cent, on imports; and the increase in miners' wages, have all combined to increase the annual cost of coal laid down at the Works by \$260,000, over the cost of two years ago.

The cost of exchange on remittances to the United States during the year was \$125,434.

Payrolls and salaries for the year amounted to \$1,841,084.

Agreement has been reached with the staffs of the Manufacturing and Distribution Departments as to wages, working conditions, and the payment of the Cost-of-Living Bonus as provided by the terms of the Government Order-in-Council No. 7440. The various office staffs have also been granted bonuses to compensate them for increases in the cost of living.

The Company is proud to report that ninety members of its staff are now serving in the Canadian Active Service Forces. These men have been assured of re-employment upon their return to civil life.

Direct taxes applicable to the year's operations, which include Municipal property taxes, Dominion Income and Excess Profits Taxes, and Ontario Corporations Tax, amounted to \$771,968, an increase over 1940 of \$125,470. Comparable figures for past years are as follows:

1941	\$771,968
1931	\$486,157
1921	\$304,147

It will be appreciated that taxes levied against the Company constitute a direct charge against the consumers of gas, being included in their payments for service. From every dollar received from the sale of gas in 1941, the taxing authorities collected an amount of 13.94 cents. The corresponding figures for 1931 and 1921 were 8.3 cents and 5.2 cents respectively.

All the properties of the Company have been maintained in good physical condition and up to a high standard of operating efficiency. The expenditures during the year for repairs and renewals amounted to \$474,325.

Early in the year the Directors decided, for reasons set forth in a letter mailed to Shareholders on March 10th, to discontinue for the present the payment of the maximum dividend of 10 per cent., and for the quarter ending March 31st, as well as for subsequent quarters in the year, declared a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent, per annum on the par value of the paid up Capital Stock.

The Directors regret to record the death on August 26th, of their distinguished colleague Brigadier General C. H. Mitchell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who during the three years he was a member of the Board, gave freely of his genius in the direction of the Company's affairs.

Mr. A. R. Auld, a Director of the Company from September 15th, 1924, found it necessary on September 30th last, owing to his advanced age, to tender his resignation as a Director. Mr. Auld had at all times rendered valuable services to the Company, and the Directors regret very much his retirement.

The vacancies on the Directorate were filled by the election to the Board of Mr. Herbert H. Horsfall, M.E., and Mr. Frederick S. Corrigan.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. L. BISHOP,
President

Urals Russia's Second Line

BY MURRAY OULTON

Though Russia has lost several important industrial centres to the invader, she has an exceedingly valuable reserve in the new heavy industries she has been building in the Urals-Volga area. Magnitogorsk, for instance, has one of the largest steel plants in Europe.

Much farther east is the vast territory of Krasnoyarsk, once only a place of exile for revolutionaries, but now known to possess vast economic wealth, much of which is now in process of development.

THE crippling blows which Russia's Western industrial centres have suffered need neither be disastrous nor decisive. Originally for economic reasons, but of more recent years inspired by military considerations, the U.S.S.R. has been building up gigantic heavy industries in the Urals-Volga area and beyond.

What were virgin sites, little more than swamps or forest areas ten or a dozen years back are now huge industrial centres. Magnitogorsk, for instance, is the wonder town of the Urals-Volga region, which holds fourth place in industrial production after Moscow, the Ukraine, and Leningrad, and its output was increasing in pre-war days most rapidly of all. It stands first in copper production and second only to the Ukraine in the output of iron and steel.

Magnitogorsk itself is not the largest city of the area, but is remarkable in that its population has increased from a handful to a quarter of a million in a decade. It has one of the biggest iron and steel plants in the Union, indeed, in Europe. Yet the first mine was not opened until May 1931, and the first furnace began operations the next year. Blast furnaces can now handle thousands of tons of metal each day.

Then, lying much further East on the borders of the huge province of Sinkiang is that other vast territory, the name of which was almost unknown in this country in pre-war days, Krasnoyarsk, whose boundaries stretch away to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In Tsarist days this enormous province was used mainly as a place of exile for revolutionaries, and the rich gold deposits were leased to Russian and foreign merchants. Penal labor was used to exploit the metal.

Enormous Wealth

Now Russian scientists have discovered enormous wealth of many kinds. No less than 40 per cent of the land has coal-bearing seams containing, it is reckoned, about 10 per cent of the world's reserves. The Tungass coalfield covers an area equal to Poland, Italy, Rumania, and Latvia combined. The reserves of iron ore are sufficient to meet the needs of the Russian metallurgical works for many decades. Capital of the territory, Krasnoyarsk, lies on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and has grown with mushroom-like speed. It is the centre of the goldfield and has important engineering works.

To return to the Urals-Volga region again, there is Sverdlovsk, which has grown from 125,000 to half a million, and Nizhni Tagil from a thousand to 100,000. A new iron and steel plant was opened there last June with a capacity at that time of over 600,000 tons annually, and 2,000,000 tons of pig-iron and 1,500,000 tons of rolled metal in the near future.

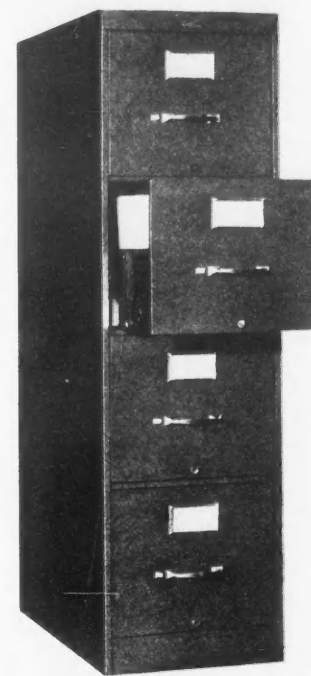
It is expected that the Germans will make a drive for the Caucasus. Again assuming the worst, that they succeeded in capturing its wells, would Russia be deprived of all its resources? By no means, for it is reported that between the Volga and the Urals lies a new field the potentialities of which are remarkable. In 1934 its output was only 74,000 tons; this rose to 1,292,000 tons four years later; and the output now is well over 2,000,000 tons, while

everything possible is being done to raise this figure.

Plans for a new town of 150,000 people, to be known as Zakamsk, have been drawn up by the Leningrad Town Planning Institute. It will stand on the banks of the Kama River and will be joined to Krasnoyarsk, a second important town in this so-called "Second Baku" territory, by electric train. Besides this

field other rich oil-bearing regions have been discovered recently in Siberia.

Here is the considered conclusion of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in its Bulletin (July last): "The loss of the western industrial centres would be a crippling blow, but would still leave substantial industrial resources in the Urals and in Siberia."



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MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY

Announcement to Bondholders

The holders of the First and Refunding Mortgage 5%, Thirty Year Gold Bonds, and the holders of the General and Refunding Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds of MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY are hereby advised that meetings of the holders of such Bonds have been convened to be held at the Windsor Hall, Windsor Hotel, Dominion Square, Montreal, Canada, on Tuesday, the 9th day of December 1941 and Wednesday, the 10th day of December 1941 respectively, at 11 a.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, for the purpose of considering and if thought fit agreeing to a Scheme of Arrangement proposed between the said Company and the holders of such Bonds respectively under the provisions of Division III(a) of the Quebec Railway Act, either as proposed or as altered or modified at such meetings.

Formal notices of such meetings are being given in the manner directed by Mr. Justice Greenshields, Chief Justice of the Superior Court for the Province of Quebec.

Both classes of Bonds are in bearer form and are widely held, and this announcement is made for the benefit of Bondholders who may not have received, or had their attention drawn to, the formal notices; such notices give particulars of the procedure to be followed in order that Bondholders may attend, either in person or by proxy, the respective meetings which they are entitled to attend.

Copies of the Scheme of Arrangement, of the notices convening the meetings, and of Instructions for voting at the meetings, can be obtained:

By holders of the First and Refunding Mortgage 5%, Thirty Year Gold Bonds, from any one of the following:

BANK OF SCOTLAND
30 Bishopsgate, London, E. C., England.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED
225 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada,
20 King Street East, Toronto 2, Canada.

HARRIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
115 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

CHASE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
18 Pine Street, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

By holders of the General and Refunding Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds, from any one of the following:

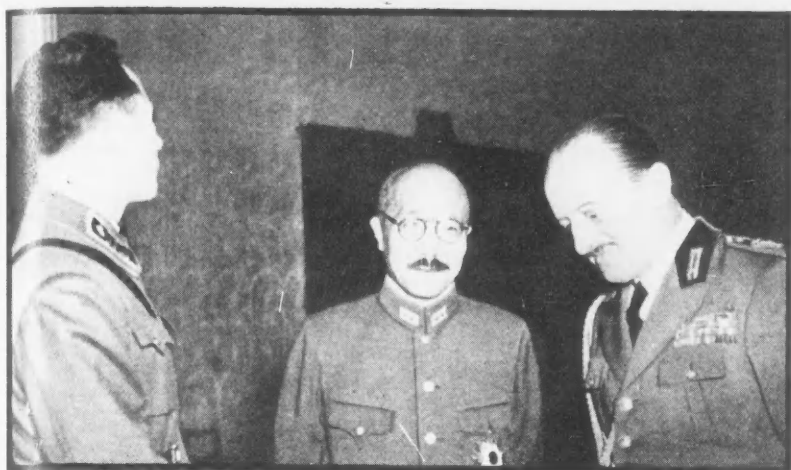
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
6 Lothbury, London, E. C. 2, England.

MONTREAL TRUST COMPANY
511 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Canada,
61 Yonge Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

AGENCY, THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
68 William Street, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

MONTREAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY.

B.C. Marketing Board Report "Grave Indictment"



Lieutenant-General Hideki Tojo, onetime Japanese War Minister, now Premier, chats in Tokyo with Colonel Alfred Kretschmer, Military attache at the German Embassy, left, and Colonel Guido Bertoni, right, military attache to the Italian Embassy. In a speech early this week in the Diet, Tojo asked the U.S. to stop blockading Japan and to keep out of China.

Japan Sends Kurusu to Mend Her American Fences

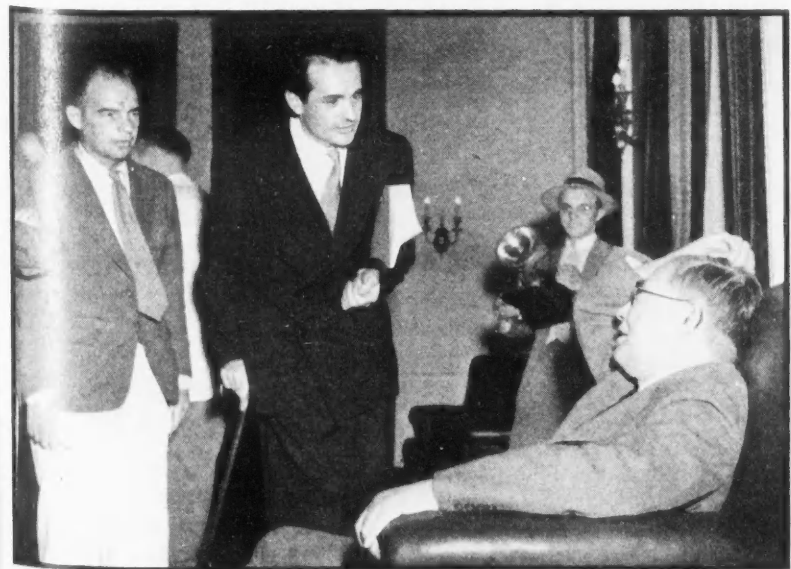
EARLY this week, in an effort to assist Japanese Ambassador Nomura to make Americans "understand" Japan's aspirations in East Asia, Saburo Kurusu, top flight Japanese diplomat, arrived in Washington. He had flown the ocean on what he called a "fighting chance" to better Japanese-American relations.

But even as Kurusu arrived in Washington, Japanese Premier Hideki Tojo was outlining, in a 10-minute speech in the Diet, Japan's "peace" aims. Chief among his conditions were cessation of the Anglo-American blockade of Japan, a halt to military encirclement and a free hand to settle the war in China. After 6 months of parley between the two countries, he declared: "... there is no necessity of spending much time on negotiations hereafter."

Observers believed that Kurusu was on a wild goose chase, but that he would keep chasing until Japan had had a few more months' war preparation.



Saburo Kurusu, once Japanese Ambassador to Germany, who is in the U.S. to "clarify" Japan's position.



Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, Japanese Ambassador to the United States, chats with newspapermen at the State Department in Washington while awaiting an interview with Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Nomura was given a cold reception in the United States a few months ago, and was told bluntly that the U.S. would insist on freedom of Pacific waters.

HIGHLY illuminating as to the *modus operandi* of the B.C. Coast Vegetable Marketing Board more familiarly and unfavorably known as the "Potato Board" are details which have found their way into the evidence submitted to Judge A. M. Harper now sitting as a Royal Commissioner appointed by the B.C. Government to enquire into the operations of the Pacific Coast province's Natural Products Marketing Act and the various boards acting under its authority.

In the latter part of 1936, when the Potato Board had been functioning for only a comparatively short time, I wrote a series of articles for SATURDAY NIGHT telling of the uneasiness being experienced by many coast producers as a result of the Board's autocratic behavior and extraordinary actions.

In the course of further articles, nearly a year later, I told of the growing antagonism of farmers towards the Board, cited instances of injustices perpetrated and of inefficiency on the part of the Board, and contended that it was a detriment to producer and consumer alike.

Disquiet at the Board's methods has been steadily growing in the intervening years. At length the loudly-voiced complaints regarding the Board's way of doing business and

BY REECE H. HAGUE

"Even a casual reading of the report on vegetable marketing made to the B.C. Coast Vegetable Marketing Board by Mr. J. V. Clyne indicates quite plainly why the board withheld it from publication so long. The report is an out-and-out condemnation of the board, which, apparently, either did not see or winked at the gravest irregularities on the part of its own employees and the employees of the board's agency..." Vancouver Daily Province.

Here Mr. Reece H. Hague tells the story of the board and the Clyne report for Saturday Night's readers.

In a time when governmental controls are daily being extended, this story, we think, has much more than local significance.

the whisperings that some members had been guilty not merely of inefficiency but also of questionable practices could no longer be ignored. In April, 1940, George Howland, who had a short time before taken over the Chairmanship of the Board, instructed the well known law firm of Macrae, Duncan and Clyne to make an investigation and report including "matters which may concern members of the Board personally."

"Grave Indictment"

The investigation was carried out by Mr. J. V. Clyne and his report has now been released by Judge

Harper. It constitutes a grave indictment of certain Board officials, of the designated agency of the Board and of some of the agency's employees.

Before dealing specifically with Mr. Clyne's serious charges it may be well to outline briefly the functions of the Board.

Board members are periodically elected by the ballot of potato growers who have registered with the Board. By reason of the fact that the great majority of farmers refuse to register with the Board as to do so is paramount to endorsing the compulsory scheme of which they do not

(Continued on Page 38)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Wage and Bonus Headaches

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THIS week the Government's wage-fixing and cost-of-living bonus order, Order-in-Council P. C. 8253, replacing famed P. C. 7440, came into operation, and is already producing many large headaches. The aching heads presently belong to the employers who are trying to determine their position under the rather loosely-worded terms of the order; soon, we may expect, the members of the National and regional boards being set up to administer the order will be suffering similarly, in their case under the strain of having to find answers to the questions and objections fired at them by employers and employees both.

But probably the main burden and strain will be borne by the chairmen of the boards, rather than the members. The composition of the boards seems to make the chairmen's position particularly the National chairman's an especially unenviable one. The situation is that the National War Labor Board has four or more members representing employers and a like number representing employees, with a chairman appointed by the Government. Likewise the five regional boards have two or more representatives of employers and two or more representatives of employees, with a provincial minister of labor as chairman. With the two sides—employers and employees—thus equally represented in membership and with the warmth of feeling that currently exists on both sides in respect of working relations, wages, bonus payments, etc., it would not be surprising to see board members lining up accordingly on either side of an argument and the chairman having to give the only real and effective vote. This might happen in 100 per cent of cases submitted. We need not wonder, then, that there was difficulty in getting a chairman for the National Board.

The Public Interested Too

Actually there are more than two parties' interests at stake in the disposition of any question concerning wages. The public are interested too—in fact, doubly interested. They are interested in their capacity as consumers of the products of industry, since a wage increase must tend either to raise prices or, if prices are held down by controls, to lessen the volume of goods produced and made available to the public. The public are also interested because the public are the people and it is the people who are making war against Germany, not any single group of the people. Thus the public might well be directly represented in the settlement of anything that affects the efficiency of the nation's war effort. And from the angle of practical

politics, there is the consideration that if the boards were made up of equal representations of employers, employees and the public, there would seem to be much less likelihood of a tie-vote that could be disposed of only by the chairman.

Then there is the fact that P. C. 8253 has limited application in that it does not apply to any employer having fewer than fifty employees, or, if engaged in building or other construction work, less than ten employees; likewise, it does not cover governmental and municipal employees, workers in agriculture and fishing and employees of hospitals, religious, charitable and educational institutions operated on a non-profit basis.

Exemptions Will Make Trouble

The exemption of employers having less than fifty employees means that of a total of 25,200 manufacturing establishments reported for 1938 (latest available figures) 22,788 establishments are exempt and only 2,412 subject to the wage control order. As, however, the 2,412 large concerns had many more employees than the 22,788 small ones—472,067 against 169,949—the order unquestionably reaches the majority of factory workers, besides which there are the workers in the war industries which did not exist in 1938. But the number of factory and other workers exempted from application of the order appears large enough to make trouble for the administrative boards.

Definitely due to make trouble for the boards is the need for interpretations of the order. There are already many calls from employers for rulings on various points. For instance, no one above the rank of foreman is entitled to receive the bonus, says the order. But how is the rank of foreman determined? Is a person called a foreman deemed to be a foreman under the act? What is a comparable rank to that of foreman? And in view of the fact that the order does not apply to employers having less than fifty employees, what is the position of employers in seasonal trades who employ over fifty employees a part of the year and less than fifty the rest of the year? How are salesmen on a percentage basis to be treated under the order? When a new worker is employed, does he receive a cost-of-living bonus? Does "overtime", referred to in the order, mean time paid for at premium rates or merely hours over the normal full-time hours? Also, what are normal full-time hours in plants that have changed to longer hours? These questions may be relatively easy to answer, but there are many others requiring more precise interpretation, and both boards and employers will be in hot water until they are disposed of.



(Continued from Page 37)

approve, it is estimated that registered growers comprise only some 6 per cent of the farmers of the B.C. lower mainland over which the Board has jurisdiction. Farmers who have not registered are forbidden under pain of prosecution to produce potatoes for sale within the province.

Each season the Board sets the quota of potatoes which individual registered growers may produce and issues to such growers tags to be affixed to each sack of potatoes delivered to the designated agency which has the exclusive right of handling the entire output of registered growers. The designated agency for some years past has been Oppenheim Bros. Wood Ltd. The Board stipulates the price at which the agency may sell potatoes.

Mr. Clyne points out that in addition to acting as the Board's designated agency, Oppenheim Bros. Wood Ltd. act as agent for growers exporting potatoes, which do not come within the ambit of the Board's control except as to issuance of permits to transport. He states that although local and export prices frequently vary a practice has arisen whereby the potatoes of one grower are used to make up an export car, but the grower receives the local market price and the potatoes of

another grower are used to replace the potatoes of the first grower and are sold on the local market, but the second grower receives the export price.

Evidence has been given, says Dr. Clyne, that the agency has frequently infringed the orders of the Board by selling below the stipulated price. He also contends that petty theft of the grower's product has occurred from time to time by the employees of the agency.

According to Mr. Clyne, on occasion, when the final quantity of a grower's potatoes going through the grader was insufficient to make up a one hundred pound sack, the surplus would be put aside with other similar surpluses to make up one hundred pound sacks which would be sold and the proceeds divided among several employees. On occasion also, says Mr. Clyne, sacks of potatoes would be taken direct from the grower's lots in storage and sold by employees to early morning pedlars or to produce merchants.

Thefts by Employees

In dealing with potatoes seized from persons transporting them without a Board permit, Mr. Clyne states that larger shrinkage would be shown than actually occurred, leaving

a certain quantity of potatoes over, which were later sacked and sold by employees. Sacks of seized potatoes appeared to be considered fair game and were sold from time to time by employees and the proceeds pocketed by them.

"Mr. Charles Bradbury was an employee in charge of the warehouse," says Mr. Clyne. "It appears from the evidence that he not only knew of these petty thefts but shared in the proceeds."

Apart from theft, Mr. Clyne states that instances occurred where results of grading were altered to show more shrinkage than actually took place. The explanation given was that this was done to create stock to make up shortages in other growers' lots.

Mr. Clyne reports that in several cases he had been able to check the account sales furnished to growers with the records of the Agency and found that the grower's product was not sold at the price shown by the agency, resulting in a loss to the grower.

Mr. Clyne expresses the opinion that the Act and scheme do not confer upon the Board power to confiscate the regulated product which has been seized for contravention of Board orders, or the proceeds of sale thereof, and that neither the Board nor the Agency has a right to use seized potatoes to make up shortages in growers' lots, yet these things were done. He points out that the balance to the credit of the seized potato liability account in the books of the Board is \$1818.61 but there apparently is no separate bank account for this fund, and the money has been transferred to the general bank account of the Board and used for the general purposes of the Board. He could find no cash balance in any bank account of the Board to offset this liability. "If we are correct in our opinion the Board has used what are in effect trust funds for its own purposes," Mr. Clyne says.

No Check by Board

"Apparently no check is made by any official of the Board in regard to seizures," says the Clyne report, "and the results of regrading by employees in the warehouse of the agency are accepted by the Board at their face value. From the evidence, we would have very little confidence in the statements of results by warehouse employees."

Prior to June, 1939, no account sales were received by the Board from the Agency for the sale of seized potatoes. Apparently, in June 1939, the Board requested such an accounting and received an accounting from March, 1939. Since that time the Board has received regular account sales covering the disposition of seized potatoes.

Prior to June, 1939, there were large seizures, contends Mr. Clyne, but the total amount received by the Board from the Agency, being the proceeds of sale of all seized potatoes from August, 1937 to June 1939, was \$229.11. From June, 1939, to March 1940, the Board received \$741.11. From March, 1939, to June, 1939, the Agency was charging a total of \$8 a ton for handling seized potatoes. The ordinary Agency charge for handling potatoes is \$2 a ton so that the Agency was making a penalty charge of \$6 a ton.

From March 1, 1939, to February 9, 1940, 3,661 sacks were seized in 291 seizures. Mr. Clyne could find an accounting for only 800 sacks.

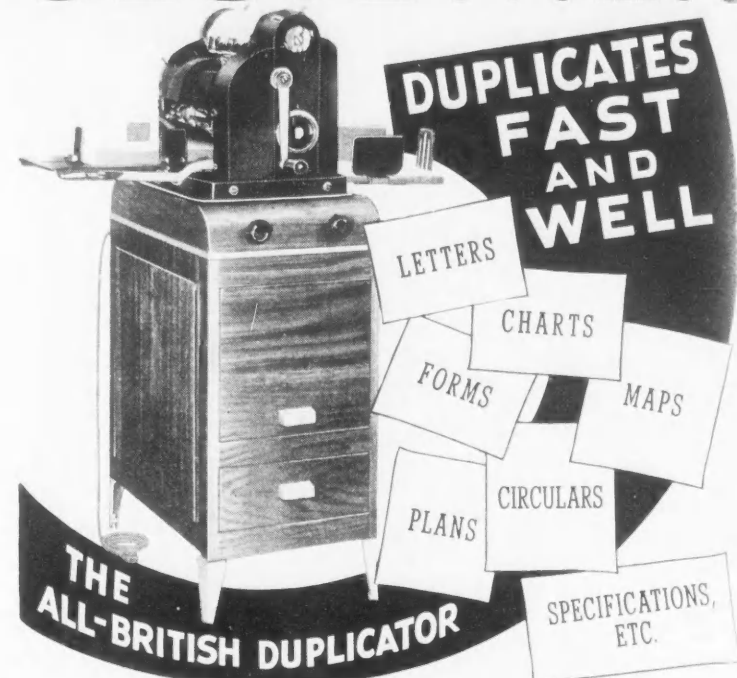
In the accounts for the sale of growers' lots and in the sale of seized potatoes Mr. Clyne found deductions made for dumping; that is to say potatoes which are unfit for consumption, but he was unable to find Dominion Government inspector's certificates for these deductions. While it was possible that the agency might have certificates in its records for all potatoes charged as having been dumped it did not appear that such certificates were produced either to the Board or the grower.

Mr. Clyne's request to the agency to discuss with its officials various matters which he desired to clarify was not complied with.

It was discovered by Mr. Clyne that the Mr. Bradbury, previously identified as manager of the Agency's warehouse, was a member of a partnership producing the regulated product and that despite the fact that his partnership was not a registered grower it apparently received tags from the Board's former secretary and shipped potatoes to the Agency.

"It also appears," says Mr. Clyne, "that certain potatoes were shipped by this partnership in the name of Lorne J. Wood, who was associated with the Agency and who had a quota but did not have potatoes to ship. Mr. Wood's quota and registration are open to question and from the evidence submitted to us appear to be irregular."

GESTETNER



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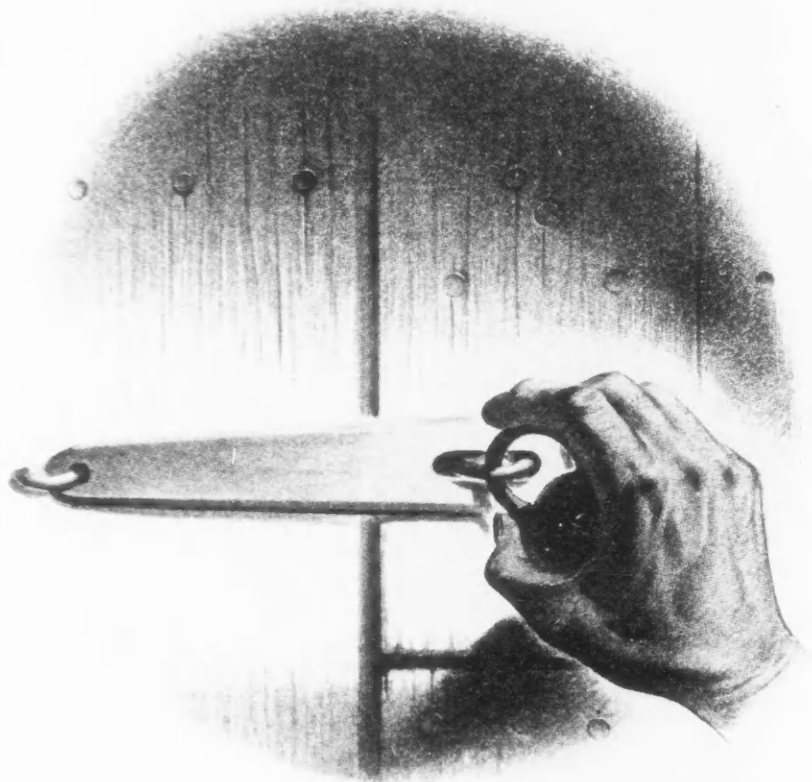
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Would Return of Profit Stimulate War Effort?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

THERE is a campaign going on in Great Britain which must be explained to Britain's friends abroad. In a word, the campaign is to put the profit back into war. That sounds bad, but the supporters of the idea are not ill-intentioned. They are, indeed, among the most fervent

patriots of all. What they say is that the thing money does not matter a cuss, but that the idea money is very important. They say that, while the war effort is good and strong, there is lacking that something extra which might make all the difference. And they think that the extra can be achieved by increasing the monetary reward of war work. Even they are prepared to allow a considerable measure of inflation, if the effect of the dose is to assist the war effort.

They say, let the idea of money be broadcast as a spur to action, but let the dangers of the extra money be killed by means which prevent the spending of it. They urge a reduction in the rate of Excess Profits Tax, which now is 100 per cent to 60 per cent. They reckon the Government would be wise to allow wages to mount up in the arms industries, so that workers there may be pricked to the last ounce of effort, and new labor, which finds alternative temptation in the high rewards offered by short-staffed civil industry and trade, attracted.

There is evidence that Doctor Goebbels is finding this trend of thought interesting for his dark purposes, so it is as well to state clearly that the only object of these proposals is to stiffen the fight against all that the Doctor represents. At the same time, however, as we vindicate the intentions of the war-profit campaigners, we should do well to perceive their loose reasoning.

First, there is no evidence that extra monetary reward for war work would do anything at all to help production if it were ringed around with all the stultifying restrictions which are proposed to prevent the money from becoming usable.

Secondly, the fundamental principle is wrong. The campaigners aim to destroy the "humbug of finance." What, they say, is money compared to the war? And so far they are right. But their campaign is based precisely on this humbug, for is it not financial reward which they offer? And a financial reward which in their terms must not be allowed to mean anything in the shape of increased purchasing power while the war lasts. What will the workers say to increased wages which are unspendable? What will company directors say to an amelioration of E.P.T.

Many people in Britain are saying that the national war effort would be stimulated if the Government increased the monetary reward of war work. Put the profit back into war, they say, by reducing the Excess Profits Tax from 100 per cent to 60 per cent and by allowing wages to mount in the war industries.

But there is no evidence, says Mr. Layton, that extra monetary reward for war work would be effective if ringed around with the restrictions proposed to prevent the money from becoming usable. And even if some extra production were achieved, the gain would be small set against the economic risk resulting from the creation of a great store of frozen money awaiting release into the river of spending.

which is only a paper amelioration?

But what is finally damning is the amazing distortion of perception in the plan. At the best, not much could be hoped for in the way of bigger production, from an industry virtually controlled by the Government by the application of financial stimuli to the company shareholders and the workers. And in return for so little, the risk would be run of creating a really great store of frozen money awaiting release into the river of spending.

thence to find its way into a sea of inflation. The scheme would mortgage so much of the future for so tiny a part of the present.

Yet we may see in the fact that this war-profit movement has found so many adherents something much more important than the stupid idea of swollen plutocracy that Goebbels would have the world see. We may see some evidence of the need for still more comprehensive Government control. That it should be possible

for informed men to support the scheme argues an incompleteness in the Government's industrial plan.

At this stage of the war the economy should have been so keyed and shaped that the financial question was utterly irrelevant to production questions. It should not be possible for serious economists and business men to put forward a plan which, essentially, treats of the nation's control of the nation's industrial and labor wealth as though it were a sideline, as though the real control were with shareholders, or Boards of directors. The scheme may be valueless for what it says, but it is significant for what it implies.

The answer is with the Government, and Parliament must ask the question. If it is true that any adjustment of financial reward would help the war effort then the Government must answer, not by reducing E.P.T. or raising wages, but by taking the steps necessary to extract the full effort from the nation without the assistance of the dubious magnet of finance. This war is not an individual wanting a still bigger wage packet, or a limited company seeking higher dividends. It is a war of all the nation for all the nation's life.

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Major-General V. W. Odlum, who last week relinquished his command of the Second Canadian Division in England to assume the post of High Commissioner to Australia where he will succeed Charles J. Burchell.

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GOLD & DROSS

IMPERIAL TOBACCO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get an analysis of the stock of Imperial Tobacco, its capital structure and the dividends it has paid over the past several years.

B. N. E., Vancouver, B.C.

The common stock of Imperial Tobacco of Canada has moderate long-term appeal because of the company's dominant trade position. Earnings for the current year probably will fall short of the 61c per common share shown in 1940, largely because of higher taxes, though maintenance of the 62½ cents per share dividend is indicated.

Sales of Imperial's cigarette brands, along with other tobacco products, in 1941, should be moderately above last year's levels in reflection of increased payrolls and higher purchasing power in Canada. Since tobacco costs are expected to approximate those of a year ago, satisfactory margins are indicated. However, heavier taxes will severely penalize the prospective gains in operating net and will reduce profits below 1940 returns.

Imperial Tobacco has no funded debt. There are outstanding 1,650,000 6 per cent cumulative preferred shares of \$1 par; and 9,451,032 \$5 par common shares. The company has paid dividends of 62½ cents from 1937 to 1940, inclusive; 57 cents per share in 1936; and 52½ cents per share from 1931 to 1935, inclusive.

STOP & SHOP

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am an owner of Stop & Shop shares. Kindly give me your opinion of them and oblige.

N. R., Toronto, Ont.

I would say that your Stop and Shop stock was quite unattractive at the present time and I would suggest you switch to something which has a more attractive outlook.

As you probably know, Stop and Shop Limited controls Thrift Stores, Limited, which leases property from Stop and Shop and operates about 100 grocery and meat stores in and about Montreal and Ottawa, and a warehouse in Montreal. In December, 1938, the company and its subsidiary, Thrift Stores, Limited, leased some thirty of their stores in Toronto



STIRRING UP TROUBLE FOR HIMSELF

and sold the equipment therein to Dominion Stores, Limited, and agreed not to carry on a retail, fruit, vegetable, grocery or meat business within fifty miles of Toronto for a period of ten years.

In the year ended April 30th, 1941, deficits of 67 cents per common share were shown, as compared with deficits of 68 cents per share, 71 cents, \$1.03, and \$2.15 per common share in 1940, 1939, 1938, and 1937, respectively. The financial position of the company needs a good deal of bolstering. Since the competition among grocery chains is keen and since this company occupies a relatively unimportant position, the stock has, as I have said, little attraction at the present time.

WAMPUM

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have a letter from the Wampum Gold Mines stating that the mine has experienced some extraordinary results with its development work. In the course of the letter, which is signed by George E. Gare, president, it is stated that there will probably be an issue of stock at 50 cents a share to finance operations. Can you give me any information?

V. N. G., Brockville, Ont.

Approximately 900 acres in the Rowan Lake area, 40 miles north of Fort Frances, are owned by Wampum Gold Mines. A shaft has just been put down 250 feet on the south zone, and two levels established, following a program of surface exploration and diamond drilling. While some high assays were obtained, these were mostly over narrow widths, and no orebody appears to have been outlined. Officials however, considered results sufficiently encouraging to justify an underground test and are hopeful that development will show an improvement over surface and drill indications.

An orebody is reported indicated on the north zone, about 1,000 feet distant, where for over 100 feet an average grade of close to \$27 was shown across 21 inches. The south zone, where the shaft is sited, however, has greater tonnage possibilities. The company is pioneering in a new area and the property can not as yet be regarded as more than an interesting prospect. In a month or so a definite picture should be available as to what to expect on the two levels.

I have not heard of the "extraordinary results" mentioned in the letter you refer to and would consider a price of 50c a share as unwarranted, particularly when one notices the values today placed upon numerous producers, already in the dividend-paying class.

An additional group of claims has been staked about five miles west and a little north of the main property, where a rich concentration of gold was found on an island. The vein has been traced for about 500

feet, but work has so far been confined to a length of about 60 feet at the east end of the exposure, where high values were found.

FORD OF CANADA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you think Ford of Canada "A" stock has any appeal as a buy at the present time?

H. H. C., Winnipeg, Man.

Yes, I do. The company's strong position in the Canadian automobile industry lends the stock appeal despite the current limitations on profits.

Since earnings on the "A" stock in 1941 are estimated to be somewhere near 1940's \$1.55 per share, I think you can expect the \$1-per-share dividend to be maintained. And since the company has made further expansions in capacity, output this year should be stepped up.

Exports will, of course, be far below normal and passenger car output will be severely curtailed, but government work has recently accounted for more than 50 per cent of production and further large military orders are in prospect. Operating income will be satisfactory but heavy taxation on Canadian operations will limit profits.

GOLD FRONTIER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Several years ago I bought shares of Lake Shore Mines believing I had made an investment for permanence. Now Lake Shore's outlook is not so favorable and I am thinking of switching to Gold Frontier. I would appreciate your opinion.

S. F. L., Waterloo, Ont.

Gold Frontier Mines is still in the early stages of exploration and development, with prospects appearing rather interesting. Two levels, at 125 and 250 feet, have been opened and some high grade ore located, although the lengths are inclined to be short. It is estimated close to 16,000 tons, grading over \$21, have been disclosed. The shaft has been deepened to 500 feet and drifting is now proceeding on the new horizons at 350 and 475 feet.

Surface exploration is giving encouragement, a vein discovered to the north of the shaft having been stripped for a length of 1,200 feet, with gold values established at points along the whole length. A switch from Lake Shore would mean giving up a high yield and taking a chance in an interesting prospect.

While Lake Shore is not yet fully readjusted to the new methods adopted to counteract the rockburst problem, I understand excellent progress is being made. Mining conditions will in future determine production and profits, rather than dividend policies, and at the moment it seems reasonable to anticipate a continuation of present profits for some time.

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News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

HOLLINGER Con. Gold Mines is far in the lead as largest gold producing enterprise in Canada for 1941. Estimates prepared for SATURDAY NIGHT indicate an output of approximately 428,000 ounces of gold this year from Hollinger. Moreover, the ore reserves are still well maintained at not far under \$100,000,000.

Noranda Mines is producing gold at a rate of a little under \$800,000 per month, compared with a little over \$800,000 monthly earlier in the year. The reason is that greater attention is being given to output of copper the details concerning which are withheld because of defense regulations.

The Canadian government has received more revenue from the mines of Canada so far during 1941 than for any former full year in the history of the mining industry of the country, a fact made abundantly clear through a preliminary survey of production records and the prevailing rate of taxation.

Ten Canadian mines will each produce over 100,000 ounces of gold during 1941 according to preliminary estimates. Six of these are in Ontario, namely, Hollinger, McIntyre-Porcupine, Lake Shore, Wright-Hargreaves, Dome, and Kerr-Addison. Two are in Quebec, namely, Noranda and LaMacque. One is in Manitoba, the Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co., while the tenth is Bralorne in British Columbia which may have a close squeeze to reach the 100,000 oz. mark.

The province of Quebec has 23 straight gold producing mines in production at present. Hon. Edgar Roche, K.C., Minister of Mines for the

province of Quebec, has this to say: "In spite of theories to the contrary, gold remains one of the most important of the products to come out of the mines. Since many essential war supplies must be purchased outside the boundaries of this country, the value of gold in stabilizing our foreign exchange cannot be questioned."

Dome Mines will have an output of over 200,000 ounces of gold for the year 1941, as measured by the showing made to date.

An increase in the demand for radium has directed interest to the Great Bear Lake area again. Eldorado Gold Mines, which owns the deposits of pitchblende at Great Bear Lake, is still understood to have a considerable backlog of pitchblende concentrates at its refinery at Port Hope. However, the company is making arrangements to resume operations during the coming summer at Great Bear so as to assure a sufficient supply of raw material.

International Nickel Co. of Canada is handling well over 1,000 tons of ore per hour. This marks the highest tide for any single mining enterprise in the history of this dominion. Not only this, but by the middle of 1942 the capacity of the plant is expected to reach very close to 1,400 tons per hour. A rate of around 12,000,000 tons of ore per year is expected to be reached during the closing half of 1942.

Buffalo Ankerite Gold Mines produced \$685,158 from 111,939 tons of ore, in the third quarter of the year, compared with \$730,074 from 112,756 tons in the second quarter.

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DATED the 11th day of November, 1941.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Why Insurance Can Stand War Strain

BY GEORGE GILBERT

No longer looked upon as something of a luxury, Insurance has become one of the essential elements of our business and social life. It is a necessary stabilizer without which industry would come to a standstill, while individuals would be forced to expose themselves—and those dependent upon them—to every wind of circumstance.

As Insurance is affected with a definite public interest, it is fitting that the transaction of insurance business should be surrounded with effective safeguards in the way of Government license, deposit and solvency requirements, and our Dominion insurance laws and efficient Government supervision provide them.

INSURANCE companies are in a better position to weather the financial stress caused by war, depressions and epidemics than many other business and financial institutions because such a large portion of their liabilities are not cash obligations. Accordingly, they do not have to part with their existing long-term investments purchased in the past and yielding favorable rates of interest but can hold them until maturity and thus continue to receive the benefit of their satisfactory interest return, instead of having to replace them with securities at the low rate of interest now prevailing.

As a rule, their yearly income is ample to more than meet their yearly outgo for claims and expenses, so that they do not have to realize on any of their existing assets from year to year, but usually have a margin to add to reserves or surplus.

With respect to the cash obligations of insurance companies, first come the incurred and unpaid claims in course of adjustment and settlement. These require immediate cash for settlement, except where payable in instalments over a period of time. Next come the obligations to pay cash surrender values or cash loans in the case of life companies, and, in the case of insurance companies other than life, the obligations to return the unearned portion of the premiums in the event of cancellation before the expiry of the policies.

Policy Claims

Then there are the obligations to pay or begin payment of policy claims as they accrue upon the happening of the eventualities insured against. Life companies are different from other insurance companies in this respect because of the long-term character of their policy contracts. Of the total outstanding insurance, only a very small proportion becomes payable in any one year, even a war year, and the cash required for current year payments can be calculated with approximate accuracy. In other lines of insurance there is not the regularity as regards incidence of claims that applies to life insurance; but claims do not come all at once, and sufficiently reliable estimates of cash require-

ments in any one year can be made.

As to the danger of epidemics, conflagrations, war death losses, or other disasters, some provision must be made for them, as they cannot be foretold. But it does not follow that all assets should be available in cash at all times to cover the maximum possible loss. In the case of epidemics, they do not take place over night, and the total loss does not come all at once. They begin rather slowly and spread over a period of time—weeks and months—as shown by the experience of the past.

In the case of conflagrations, severe storms, or accidents involving large numbers of persons, there is necessarily some time between the occurrence of the disaster and the determination of the loss and of the proper claimants, allowing a certain period for the adjustment of losses and for converting assets into cash if necessary.

As far as policy reserve liabilities are concerned, a distinction must be made between life companies and all other kinds of insurance companies. The policy reserve liability of a life company comprises from seventy to ninety per cent of its total liabilities. These reserves are calculated upon reliable experience tables, so as to provide, together with future premiums and interest on assets at a very conservative rate, ample funds to pay all contracts as they mature without deduction or abatement. Thus only that portion of a life company's assets required to take care of the current year's disbursements need be represented by immediately realizable cash values.

Safeguards

Public confidence in our insurance institutions, however, is not based alone upon the strength of their position in regard to investments or reserves. As a matter of fact, no other business organizations are so surrounded by public safeguards as are the insurance companies operating in this country under Dominion Government supervision.

Not only has the Dominion established a safe standard of solvency for insurance companies coming under its jurisdiction, but through its system of yearly inspections makes sure that they conform to the prescribed standard. These inspections are made at the offices of the companies by the expert officials of the Dominion Insurance Department who are well qualified to examine the accounts and affairs of the companies and ascertain if the requirements of the strict Dominion insurance laws are being complied with in every respect.

One of the requirements with which all insurance companies transacting business in this country under Dominion registry must comply is that of making a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders. These deposit requirements have

been an important feature of our Dominion insurance law for over sixty-five years. In the case of Canadian companies, the deposit required is a stipulated amount in respect of the class or classes of insurance transacted, whereas in the case of other than Canadian companies the deposit must equal their liabilities in this country.

Acceptable Securities

Permissible securities for deposit purposes are the following: Securities of or guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada, any Province of Canada, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, any British dominion or colony; or the securities of or guaranteed by the government of the country in which the company is incorporated or formed. If any other than these securities are offered as a deposit, they may be accepted only at such valuation and on such conditions as the Treasury Board may direct.

As to the value at which these securities are accepted, it is the market value at the time they are deposited. But provision is made for further deposits should the market value decline below that at the time



Fire Chief D. A. Boulden of Winnipeg, Man., who has been chosen to head a fire-fighting unit which will be sent to England by the Canadian government to study British methods of fighting fires in war.

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U.S. Ambassador to Britain John G. Winant who last week confessed that "I really have no qualifications for an ambassador." He said that, invited to tea at Buckingham Palace several years ago, he wore a top hat. Everyone else wore a straw hat. A few days later, invited to the races, he wore a straw hat. Everyone else wore a top hat and tail coat. Said he: "I retired then from the diplomatic scene."

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These deposit requirements, it should be noted, impose no hardship on the companies complying with them, as they derive all the revenue from the deposited securities just the same as if they were in their own vaults. The only difference—but it is a vital one—between having the securities in the vaults of the Government at Ottawa and in the vaults of the various companies is that in case a company gets into a precarious financial position or goes on the rocks, the securities cannot be disposed of or withdrawn from Canada,

but are available for the protection of Canadian policyholders.

There can be no question that adequate deposit requirements, backed by efficient government supervision, furnish a real safeguard to the public. With such protection, they can deal confidently with practically any insurance company complying with such requirements, because if it should get into financial difficulties, its deposit would usually be large enough either to pay the losses which might accrue under its policies in force here during the remainder of their term, or to pay the premium necessary to reinsure the entire liability with a solvent licensed company.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

Please advise if you consider the Saskatchewan Mutual Fire Insurance Company a safe company to insure one's automobile with?

Am I correct in assuming that parties insured in this company are subject to a call for funds in the event of the company suffering a heavy loss which they might not be able to pay out of current assets.

G. H. E., Vancouver, B.C.

Saskatchewan Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with head office at Saskatoon, Sask., was incorporated in Saskatchewan in 1908. It operates under Provincial charter and license and not under Dominion charter and registry. It has a deposit with the Government of Saskatchewan, according to our latest advices, of \$100,000 for the protection of policyholders in the Provinces in which it carries on business. It is regularly licensed in British Columbia.

According to the Provincial law under which it operates, the individual policyholder is not liable for the debts of the company beyond the amount remaining unpaid upon his premium note, if insuring on the premium note plan, or the amount remaining unpaid on his cash premium, if insuring on the cash plan.

That would determine the individual's liability as long as the company is a going concern. In view of the company's substantial surplus, policyholders are at present well protected, and all claims are readily collectable.

Editor, About Insurance:

I have been in Winnipeg only a short time. Not knowing a suitable person in this city, I would appreciate having the advice of SATURDAY NIGHT which I have always valued highly.

I wish to discuss life insurance thoroughly and intelligently with a suitable person, without having to contact any one company or company agent. Could you recommend a reputable insurance broker whom I could contact here?

M. A. C., Winnipeg, Man.

While the insurance laws of most of the Provinces of Canada authorize the transaction of a brokerage business in connection with insurance other than life insurance, and make provision for the licensing of brokers for that purpose, they do not authorize the carrying on of a brokerage business in connection with life insurance.

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"I am a Landlord —and I wouldn't be without Rent Insurance"

A Serious fire in a rented building brings an abrupt halt to Rental Income, which may cause the owner considerable financial loss. It may take many months to restore the building to a tenable condition, particularly in these times of scarcity of workmen and building materials. To-day, therefore, landlords have an even greater need to supplement the Fire Insurance on their properties with Rent Insurance. Why not enquire into this economical way of protecting your income?

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Fleas Hop to Church in Vancouver

BY P. W. LUCE

IN THE past Vancouver has had too many earwigs, too many rats, too many caterpillars, too many starlings, too many pigeons, too many unlicensed dogs, and too many wasps. Now it has one more pest. The city is experiencing an epidemic of fleas!

There are no statistics available on the number of unwanted intruders. Their occurrence is widely scattered. Even the best people are not immune from the visitation, and conversation at swanky bridge parties has been shocked into silence by the sight of an industrious insect making itself very much at home on the hostess' dress. No one has yet come for-

ward to designate what is the correct procedure in such an eventuality.

Dr. Stewart Murray, city health officer, has had a large number of complaints from householders who are allergic to fleas. He was perhaps a little amused at first, but he doesn't

think the situation is funny any more. The fleas have invaded his own home!

The use of sawdust as fuel is believed to be an important contribut-

ing factor in the spread of the vermin. Quite often, when a load is delivered, one has fleas hopping all over the basement for a couple of days, until the insects have settled down in their new home. It isn't any trick at all for fleas to hop from the lower re-

gions to the master's bedroom and the guest chamber.

The old fashioned catch-and-crack process is still the surest way of dealing with fleas, but it is admittedly slow. Dr. G. F. Amyot, provincial health inspector, suggests that powdered naphthalene sprinkled in basements, which are then closed airtight for twelve hours, will eliminate most of the fleas. This might be all right as a theory, but it's rather difficult to put it into practice.

However, something drastic will have to be done. You can see worshippers scratching in church, you can hear movie fans squirming in the ares, you can note unpremeditated wriggles at public dances, you can overhear warning whispers from friend to friend, and all these signs have the same origin: there's a little flea going about its nefarious business at a most inconsiderate time, drat the pesky beastie.

Ripple Rock to Go

The worst menace to navigation from Cape Horn to Alaska will soon be blasted to smithereens. After more than a quarter century of pressure, the Dominion Government has at last decided to remove Ripple Rock from the middle of Seymour Narrows, which is in the Inside Passage, about half way up Vancouver Island.

The work will cost approximately \$350,000. When it was first mooted it could have been done for \$150,000. A few years ago, when complete estimates were made, the total was only \$291,000.

Seymour Narrows is a narrow stretch of roaring swirling waters through which all craft using the Inside Passage must pass. Ripple Rock is midway in this channel, its top normally twenty-four feet below the surface, though at extreme low tide on stormy days there is sometimes less than ten feet clearance. Treacherous eddies and currents around this obstacle make navigation extremely difficult, and many captains refuse to take their craft through except at slack water, a precaution which means expensive delays.

In the past fifty years millions of dollars in shipping and freights have been lost because of Ripple Rock. The most recent accident was last August, when an oil barge lost 2500 barrels, had to transfer 35,000 to other craft, and sustained damage which cost \$25,000 to repair.

At a conservative estimate, 1,500,000 tons of freight, valued at \$100,000,000, has had to take chances on Ripple Rock every year. In the past twelve months 1500 large vessels carrying 175,000 passengers passed this danger spot. This traffic will be greatly increased after the channel is cleared; it is probable that the big ships from the Orient will use the Inside Passage instead of coming down the west coast of Vancouver Island and through the Straits of Juan de Fuca to Vancouver.

U.S. Pressure

Although the shipping interests of the Pacific Coast, American as well as Canadian, have pressed for action for so long, it is unlikely the government would have acted even now but for pressure quietly exercised from high official sources in Washington. The United States wants a safe passage for its warships and transport vessels to Alaska waters, and it can not get this until Ripple Rock is whittled down to thirty feet or so below low tide surface.

The U.S. Naval Department was able to quote history in proof of the danger of Ripple Rock. In 1875 the warship Saranac, a sidewheel steamer mounting ten guns, cracked up on it and became a total loss. The 300 members of the crew were stranded ashore for seven days without provisions, and had to trade their pants to the Indians for venison.

With the removal of Ripple Rock will fade away Vancouver Island's ancient hope of being linked to the mainland by railway. Sixty years ago there was a strong campaign looking towards the use of the rock as the base for a centre pier of a bridge that would bring trains the way from Halifax to Victoria. Modern transportation has made such a bridge unnecessary.



ALL CANADA PROFITS FROM THIS MAMMOTH GROCERY BILL

The cook is an important man in the pulp and paper scheme of things: feeding 100,000 hungry lumberjacks is no small job. It calls for unusual skill; it also calls for abundant supplies. Groceries consumed in the woods operations of the industry alone — by the "cruisers", the "fallers", the "skidders" and others engaged in getting the pulp wood to the mills — totalled in 1940 over \$6,780,000. Individual items are measured in tons; a few of the more important follow:

Beef	6,000 tons	Fruits	643 tons
Fork	2,000 tons	Beans	1,000 tons
Lard	1,200 tons	Beverages	
Butter	1,300 tons	(tea, coffee, cocoa) .	176 tons
Cheese	300 tons	Jam	495 tons
Sugar	3,900 tons	Spices	24 tons
Flour	7,500 tons	Salt	400 tons
Potatoes	11,000 tons	Fish	75 tons

Every province contributed to this grocery list; every part of the country profited from it. Farmers found a market for their wheat, their dairy produce and vegetables; stockmen for their cattle; growers for their fruits; fishermen for their catch — and workers in food processing and packaging plants for their skill.

Another million and a quarter dollars went to farmers for fodder; many of them, too, found employment in woods operations when work on the farm was at low ebb.

Whole communities depend on this great industry; it touches the life of every one of us. Therefore this industry should be kept stable, strong and active.

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